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EVERYBODY now-a-days seems to "go to Boots" for Christmas Gifts, for their Gift Depts. contain suitable presents for everyone at prices everyone can afford. Boots certainly spare no efforts to make Christmas shopping profitable and enjoyable for the public. This year their display of beautiful and useful articles is better than ever, and there is no difficulty in acquiring appropriate presents at little expense. Go to Boots for YOUR Christmas Gifts.

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£3 15 0
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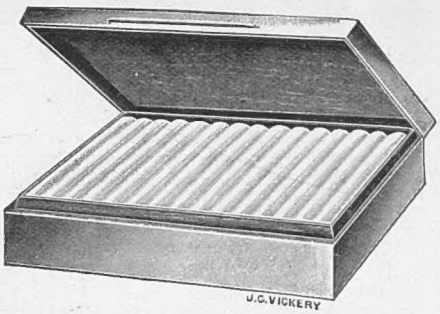

Solid Sterling Silver flat Cigarette Box, 5" long
ONLY **£3 12 6**

Sterling Silver and Crocodile Skin, or Lizard or Morocco Pocket Flask. 3⅞" high
ONLY **28/6**

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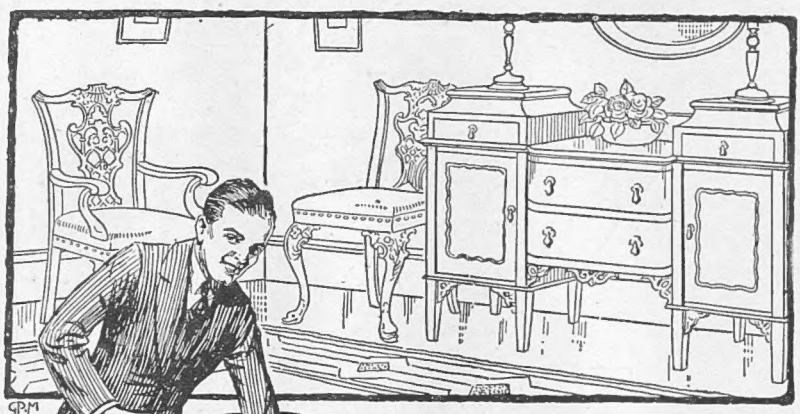

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Removals by Motor Pantechnicons to all parts of the country. Estimates gladly furnished. 'Phones: North 2598 & 2599. Tel.: "Jellico, Phone. London."

Exquisite Art. Silk Jumpers from Paris

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State size roughly and colour preferred and we will send you a selection on approval. If goods not approved, we refund money in full.

Just two out of many; come and see the others in our windows

"LAURE"
The latest Blouse Jumper, in fine Artificial Silk Stockinette; easily put on and off; collar edged silver or oxydised thread; new basque, belt and tie sash. Colours: Silver, Lemon, Beige, Navy, Tan, Gold, Black, Ivory, Nigger, Sable and Mid-Grey. **47/6**

"LAURINE"
French Artificial Silk (brocade effect) Jumper, "V" neck, with collar worn high or low, ¾ sleeves, tie sash. Colours: Black, Ivory, Navy, Beige, Fawn, Tabac, Nigger, Gold, Silver, Mid and Dark **37/6**

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Attractive Evening Gown of crêpe de Chine, cut on simple up-to-date lines. The front is embroidered with pretty designs of glistening beads. Draped skirt, dainty gaugings at waist. In All-Black, Jade, Peach, Mauve, Sapphire Blue, Eastern Blue, Ruby, Ivory, etc.
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With back and front beaded
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Cannot be sent on approval.

"KATHLEEN"

"KATHLEEN"
Dainty and becoming Evening Gown of Georgette cut on up-to-date lines, draped tunic skirt. Hand-beaded at waist. In Black/Gold, Black/Silver, Blue/Fuchsia, Brown/Gold, and a few other fashionable shades. Price **11 Gns.**

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THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES.

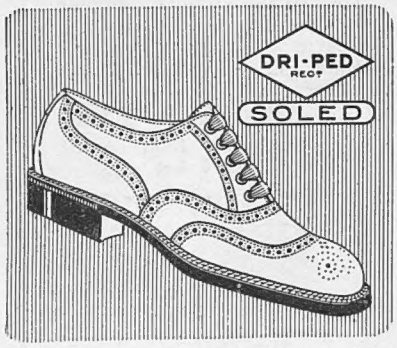
DRI-PED

GUARANTEED DOUBLE-WEAR BOOTS & SHOES

For men——

there are 'Dri-ped' Soled models to wear in the city, on the links, moors and fens, at the seaside, in town on dress occasions.

Serviceable city boots and shoes, sturdy golf models, stout waterproof types for countryside wear. Choose the style you prefer—be sure the soles are of 'Dri-ped'—your guarantee of double wear.

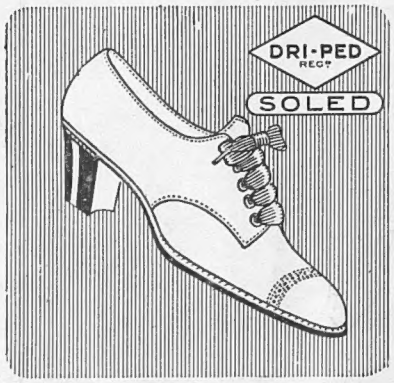


To the enthusiastic golfer or walker this pliable solid Brogue can be recommended. Fitted with 'Dri-ped' waterproof soles of good substance.

For women—

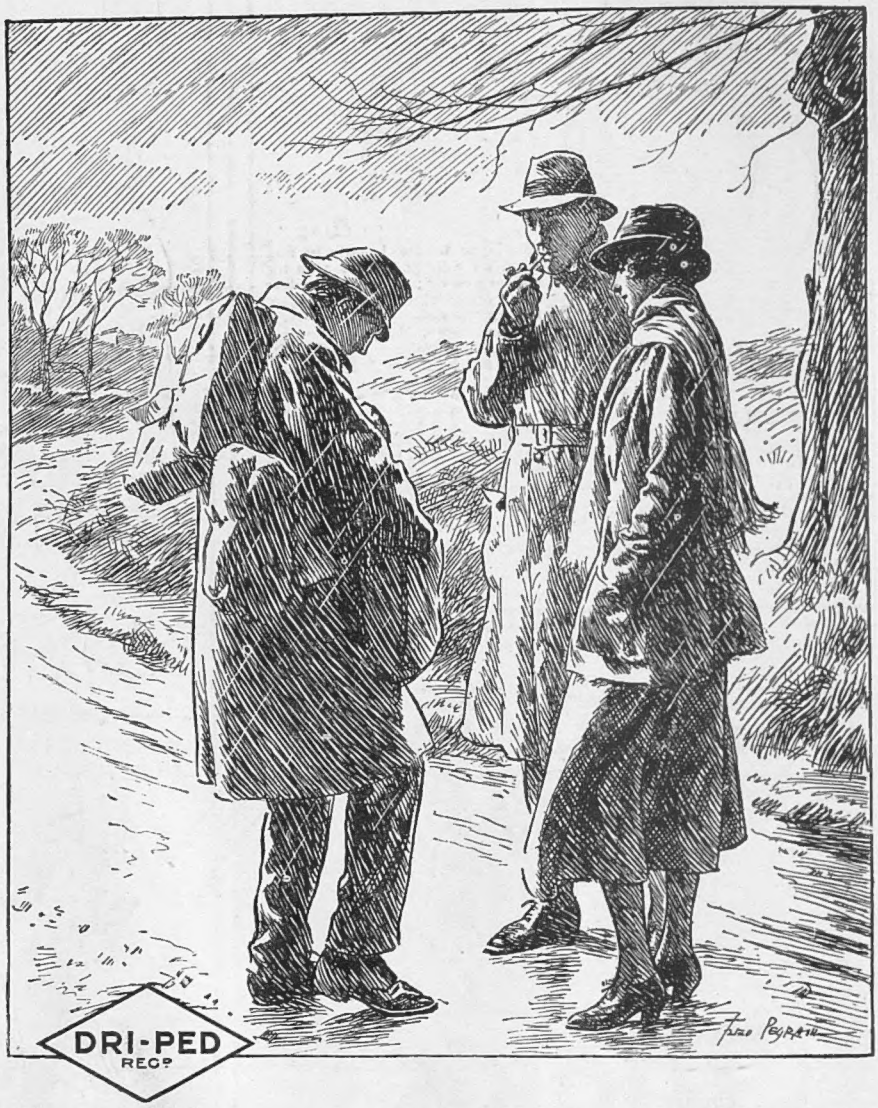
'Dri-ped' Soled footwear means daintiness allied to durability. No smarter, neater models can be obtained.

Every pair is absolutely waterproof, light, flexible and guaranteed to give double wear, *e.g.* to wear for twice as long as similar footwear soled with ordinary leather of equal thickness.



A dainty willow calf Derby shoe, well cut and nicely finished and soled with 'Dri-ped,' A distinctive model for every-day wear—or for special occasions.

—and models for boys & girls, too.



TO learn something about walking—study the Postman. This expert among pedestrians, whose work is to walk, can teach you much. Watch his gait and you will see how to walk; notice his head and shoulders set for endurance, the easy stride that covers thousands of miles a year without fatigue; and particularly notice what he wears, to guard against the risks of many weathers, to make walking most comfortable, and to reduce his expenses to the very minimum; most times you will find your Postman wearing the double-wearing, waterproof 'DRI-PED' leather.

You can obtain new footwear soled with 'DRI-PED,' the Super-Leather for Soles, at your retailers. Latest models are available in all styles and sizes for men, women, and children. Every pair is guaranteed to give double wear.

CAUTION:—All 'Dri-ped' Soled Footwear bears the word 'Dri-ped' in the famous 'Dri-ped' purple diamond, stamped every few inches on each sole. Look for the diamonds when you buy—they are there for your protection. Firmly refuse green leather and other substitutes offered as "just as good." Genuine 'Dri-ped' is the world's best sole leather—guaranteed to give double wear.

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In case of difficulty write to DRI-PED, LTD., BOLTON, LANCS.

80

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Specialities :

PERMANENT HAIR WAVING (20 Machines)
ORDINARY WAVING AND DRESSING
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ACCOMMODATION FOR 25 LADIES

Hairwork never equalled by any competitors. Best Fitting. Best Hair. Best Workmanship.

Note.—At our hair-tinting Dept. we use only ZEPHYR—the wonderful new hair colouring—rapid and permanent. Made in 29 shades, 13/6, post free. Send sample colour with order.

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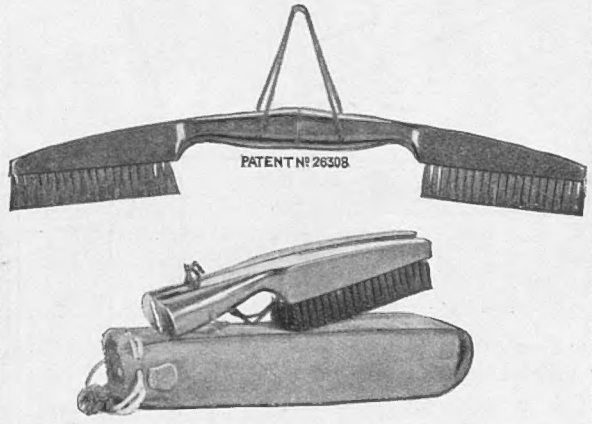
Combined cloth brush, hat brush and coat hanger. Folds into half and fits into soft leather case—very handy when travelling. Beautifully finished. Best quality black bristles only used.



Price, complete in case, either nigger or fawn velvet calf or pigskin, **21/-** Post 4d.
Size 8in. x 2in. when folded.

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Real Lace or Finely Embroidered Handkerchiefs from **5/-** to **50/-**

Also French and Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs at **21/-**, **25/-**, **30/-**, **42/-** doz. Initials and Monograms Embroidered.

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A variety of things at any prices sent for selection.

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In various Real Laces, from **9/6**
The Set—Collar & Slip, 42/-

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CHILDREN'S FROCKS, SMOCKS, TUNICS. PARTY DRESSES, LADIES' GOWNS from **63/-**
BREAKFAST JACKETS from **27/6**
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Are the

Jewel of Hairdressers' Art,
Attracting the Aim of Cupid's Dart,
Admiration enlisting, every weather resisting,
Marcel's Permanent Wave gladdens the Heart.

Call and see us at our Salons where you can receive treatment in privacy and comfort.
If you cannot call send 3d. stamps for Booklet which every woman should possess.
It deals with Hair Beauty and Home Treatment to acquire it.

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Send one to Father-Mother Brother-Sister Aunt-Uncle-Cousin-Business & Social Friends Holiday acquaintances . etc . etc.

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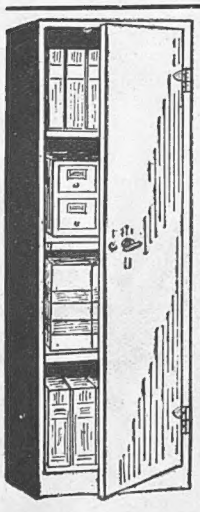

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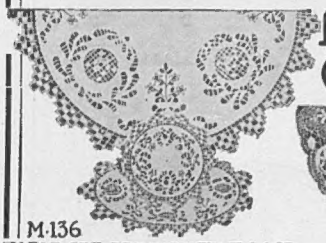
Comprise 1 piece 20", 12 of 10", 12 of 6".



M·136
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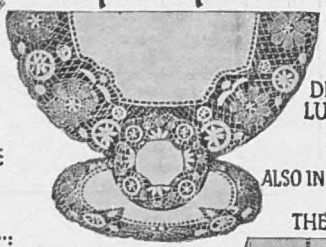
PER 63/- SET.



M·140
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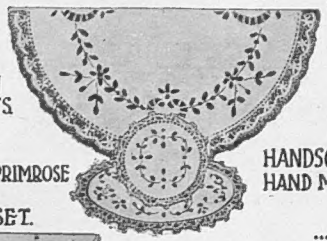
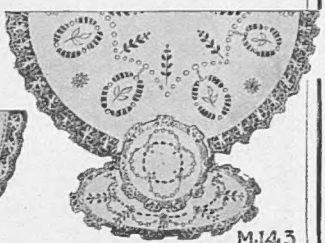
32/9.
ALSO IN PINK, BLUE & PRIMROSE
THE 42/9 SET.





M·143.
HANDSOME DINNER SET, TRIMMED
HAND MADE CLUNY LACE
THE SET – 10 GNS.

H. 61, Ladies' Best Quality Wide Ribbed pure Bright Silk Hose in Black, White, Greys, Fawns, etc., 42/-
Also in Pure Spun Silk, 15/9 & 25/9
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M·138·
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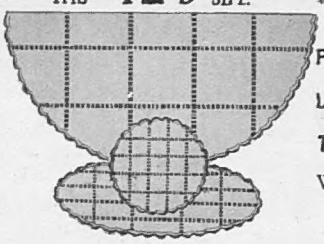
HEAVY CLUNY LACE
PER. 84/- SET

ALL HOSE PACKED IN DAINTY BOXES SUITABLE FOR XMAS GIFTS



M·141
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THE 7 GNS. SET

WE SPECIALISE IN GENTLEMEN'S FINE LINEN AND HANDSPUN HANDKERCHIEFS

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All sizes, 14/11

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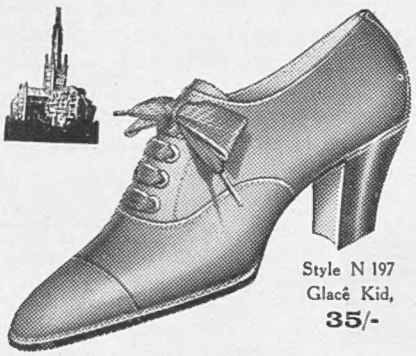

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3 Gns.

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is an absolute necessity for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in **3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s.** sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, London.

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FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Quickly removes Freckles, Redness, Roughness, Cutaneous Eruptions, and other Disorders of the Skin; makes it soft as velvet, adds the charm of youth to the complexion and will keep it in perfect condition all the year round.

Sizes: **2/6** and **5/-**

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLANDS,** London.

A new and wonderful inexhaustible Pocket Flash Lamp that will make its own current and never requires refilling. The only lamp of its kind manufactured in England.

FIRST COST THE ONLY COST —and it will last a lifetime.

HANDILITE

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLASH LAMP

(Patent Nos. 157536 & 173959)

You merely press the lever to produce the light—a child can use it.

PRICE **26/-** COMPLETE

Sold by leading Electricians, Ironmongers and Stores.

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A gift of Charm and Originality

AN Arden Beauty Box is a charming and original gift. It holds the secret of personal attractiveness. It is lovely to look at and imparts loveliness to the possessor. The power of beauty is greater than the power of gold, and the woman who owns one of these Beauty Boxes has at her command the means of acquiring and retaining the threefold power of youth, beauty and charm.

Intimate enquiries regarding the care of the skin, correction of blemishes and the development of latent beauty may be written to Elizabeth Arden, and she will outline a simple Home Treatment to be carried out in one's own boudoir with the aid of the Beauty Box contents.

There are various kinds and sizes—that illustrated above is a beautiful pink enamel container—compact, handy and flat—adapted either for travelling or for relieving the overcrowded dressing-table and keeping the preparations always at hand ready for use. Made in four sizes—large, containing 22 preparations, 150/-; medium, 15 preparations, 75/-; boudoir size, 9 preparations, 60/-; and the Bébé Week-end Box, 16/-. The large and medium sizes may be fitted with a smart black seal leather case.

THE BLACK LEATHER CASE here illustrated—price £12 . 12 . 0—is a charming adaptation from an antique Chinese cosmetic case. It is the latest word in practicality and comfort—its cover pleases by its excellence of quality and quiet good taste. The woman who travels with this fascinating Beauty Case arrives at her destination as fresh and as radiant as when she left her dressing-room.

Take a peep within—Every requisite for a finished toilette reposes snugly in its own compartment. The special lining allows it to be sponged into spotlessness each day. The lid holds a French cheval mirror and the hinged upper compartments, which spring out at the sides, allow the possessor to dip into the contents with the utmost ease. There are sufficient quantities of preparations to last a fastidious traveller for a month or so. When the supply runs low she may replenish them in London, New York, or Paris.

Send for the Beauty Box Folder, which illustrates and fully describes these dainty cases. "The Quest of the Beautiful"—a booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations and the Home Treatment, will also be sent post free

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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Christmas Gifts at

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DRESSING GOWNS, SMOKING JACKETS & SUITS

Made in Crepe de Chine, Brocaded Silk, Vicuna-Cashmere, Foulard, &c.

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Natural Waves *by an* entirely new Method

THIS is an actual photograph showing the new *natural* Permanent Wave which caused such a sensation at the recent Hair dressing Exhibition.

Notice the wonderfully natural fall of the waves, the life and radiance of the hair, the entire absence of any mechanical "set" appearance or ugly frizz. These remarkable results are solely due to some new inventions of M. Eugène, which secure a *lasting* wave of absolutely natural appearance without risk of any injury to the hair or discomfort in treatment.

The new method, which is entirely different to all previous and existing ones, is fully guaranteed to successfully wave any colour or texture of hair. Waves are quite permanent *under any conditions*, only the new growth needing treatment after six months or so, and the hair can be dressed in any fashion that is desired.

A beautiful folio of portraits depicting six different ways of dressing Permanently Waved hair, with full details of the new process, will be sent post free on mentioning *The Bystander*, or M. Eugène will advise personally or through the post on any question concerning hair, if sample hair is sent.

Photo by Bassano

EUGÈNE LTD.

Perfectors of Permanent Waving

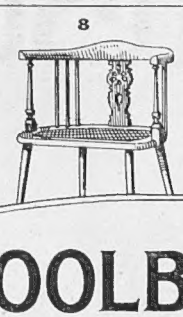
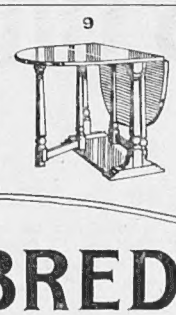
23, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

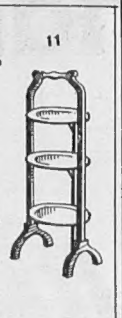
Telephone: Gerr. 4607.

MANCHESTER. PARIS. NEW YORK.

SETAGÈNE Wave Setting LOTION

Will keep the wave in your hair. Send for interesting photographs, Post Free.



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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

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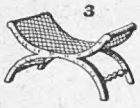
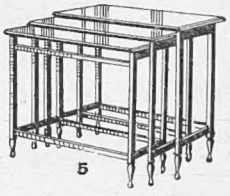
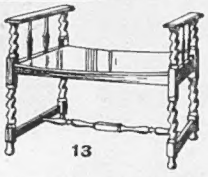
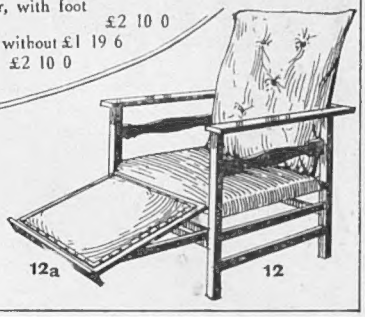
„ 2. Oak Magazine Stand £3 15 0
„ 3. Cane Seated Stool £1 7 6
„ 4. Oak Rush Seat Stool £2 10 0
„ 5. Nest of 3 Mahogany Tables £3 10 0
„ 6. Mahogany Wine Table £1 1 0
„ 7. Oak Bureau, 2ft. 6in. long £3 17 6
No. 8. Occasional Chair, Cane Seat £2 9 6
„ 9. Oak Coffee Table, 2ft. x 1ft. 7½in. £2 15 0
„ 10. Mahogany Occasional Table £2 0 0
„ 11. Mahogany Cake Stand £1 12 6
„ 12. Adjustable Chair, with foot rest £2 10 0
„ 12a. Adjustable Chair, without £1 19 6
„ 13. Oak Hall Seat £2 10 0

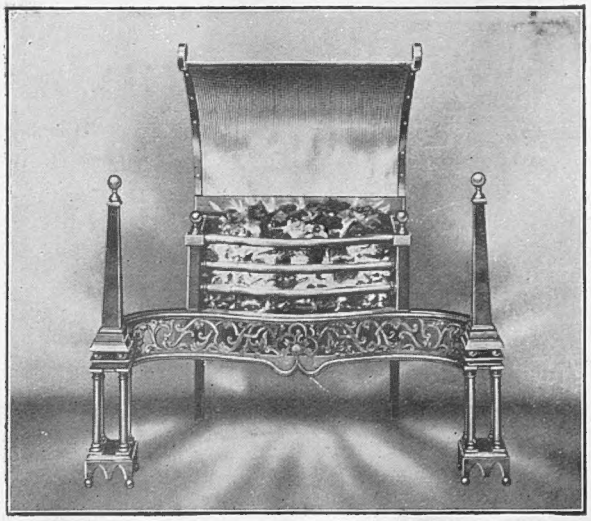
Our Christmas Catalogue will prove of great assistance in your choice of Gifts.





THE MAGICOAL Electric FIRE.



H. H. Berry's World Patents.

WRITE

for particulars of the Magicoal Electric Fire which are suitable for all grates—**CALL** and see the **NEW** fires and feel their warmth. At **TOUCHBUTTON HOUSE** you can also see beautiful grates of every period of decoration suitable for your own homes—the most complete exhibition of its kind in London.

Ask for particulars of **BERRY'S COLEC SYSTEM of RADIANT HEATING,** the most ideal and economical for houses to be built, in the course of building, or already built. The whole of your hot water domestic supply, and general heating of your home produced from one furnace, topped up by radiant electricity.

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for Xmas Gifts

ELVERY'S (Estd. 1850) hold the finest stock of **guaranteed** Waterproofs and the most moderate in price.

SILK WATERPROOFS
(Feather-weight)

Beautifully light and a charming range of colours. Coat or Cloak designs **4 Gns.**

Can be carried in envelope case.

TAILOR-MADE RAINCOATS

In real West of England Coverts **5 Gns.**

The A. 1. STORM-PROOF
(for Ladies and Gentlemen)

A marvel of Value **39/6**
Belted **2/6** Extra

Gent's Dept.
The Huntingdon (*illustrated*) an all-round Good Waterproof **4 Gns.**

¶ ON APPROVAL—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned. PATTERNS BY RETURN.

Estd. 1850
Elvery's *Limited*

Elephant House, 31, Conduit St., London, W. 1.
(One door from New Bond Street).

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

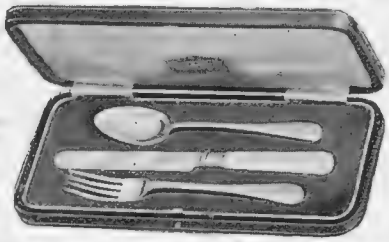
ELVERY'S waterproofs have stood the test of years

Harrods Gift-Suggestions

To visit Harrods is to solve happily the problem of choosing suitable Christmas Gifts. A tour of the many departments will bring to notice a thousand-and-one suggestions for useful and beautiful presents which might not otherwise occur to you. Below are illustrated some typical examples of the value on offer.

108-page Christmas Gifts Book Free

Silver Salon is on Harrods Ground Floor.



Orders value £1 or over sent carriage paid to any address.

CHILD'S KNIFE, FORK and SPOON (P.S. 6112), of Sterling Silver. In velvet-lined case .. **32/6**

CUTLERY CANTEEN (P.S. 6151) of Polished Wood; lined velvet and satin. Containing "A" Quality Electro plate and Stainless Cutlery as follows:—6 Table Knives; 4 Table Spoons; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Cheese Knives; 6 Table Forks; 6 Dessert Forks; 6 Tea Spoons.

£5 19 6

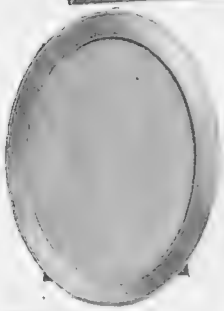
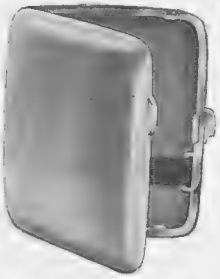


PHOTO FRAME (P.S. 6130), of Sterling Silver. Beautifully Engine-turned.

Height 3¾ inches .. **14/6**
Height 5 inches .. **22/6**
Height 6 inches .. **30/-**

CIGARETTE CASE (P.S. 6065), of Sterling Silver (Double row). Size 3⅜ x 2⅝ ins. Will hold 14 cigarettes.

25/-

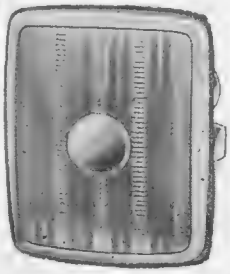


SPIRIT FLASK (P.S. 3895), covered Crocodile leather. With glass lining. Improved Bayonet cap and loose cup.

	Nom. Cap.	Electro Silver Plate
⅛ pt.	**42/-**	**25/-**
¼ pt.	**55/-**	**29/6**
⅜ pt.	**75/-**	**37/6**

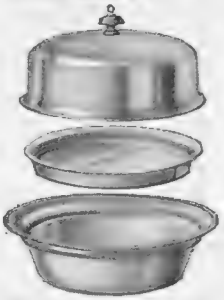
AFTERNOON TEA SPOONS and TONGS (P.S. 6114), of Sterling Silver.

Six in velvet-lined case .. **39/6**
Without Tongs **32/6**
Case containing 12 Spoons and Tongs **69/6**



CIGARETTE CASE (P.S. 6060), of Sterling Silver. Size 3⅜ x 2⅝ ins. Will hold 14 cigarettes. Double row. Engine-turned

29/6



MUFFIN or TOAST DISH (P.S. 6070), of best Electro Plate. With loose lining and hot water compartment. Diameter 8 inches.

With Beaded edge **21/-**
With Plain edge **18/6**

Also suitable for chops, vegetables, savouries, &c.

A Dressing Case of Novel Design

Novel in design, this charming case makes an excellent gift for your lady friend

LADY'S DRESSING CASE of fine quality Morocco Leather; lined Moiré. With removable tray completely fitted with solid imitation ivory toilet requisites. As illustration shows, the case is fitted with pockets for own toilet bottles and can be used as an ordinary Blouse Case if desired. Size 18 x 13 x 6 ins. Completely fitted. **£13 10 0**

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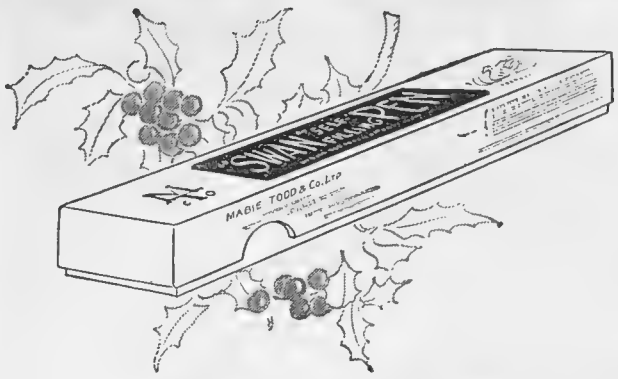
HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW1



For Xmas and New Year

"Swan" Pens as gifts are delightfully appropriate. They convey a sense of intimacy or formality exactly corresponding to the relationship existing —they never overstep the mark or fall short of it.

"Swan" Pens are gifts of universal acceptance.

"SWAN" *Self-Filling* PEN

SOLD BY STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

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MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford St., London, W.1. Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95a, Regent St., W.1; and at 3, Exchange St., Manchester.

SIZE 2. Self-filling. Covered 18ct. rolled gold. **55/-**

SIZE 2. Self-filling. **17/6**

All "Swan" Pens covered in silver, rolled gold, or gold, are supplied in handsome leather case.

"LIGHTING & COOKING IN THE COUNTRY"

The "SILVERLITE"

A wonderful Labour Saver.

A generator starting and stopping automatically and so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

THE generator, well known for its great reliability and wonderful economy.

Instal a "SILVERLITE," giving a soft light more brilliant than electric at a fraction of the cost.

NON-EXPLOSIVE NON-POISONOUS

The only machine working with motor petrol without waste.

The "Silverlite" system — The only one in which all fittings are supplied with switch taps.

Write for particulars.

SPENSERS

6B, London Street,

(Opp. Paddington Station)

LONDON, W.2.

And at Edinburgh.

A delight-giving—nerve-soothing and invigorating bath is at the command of everyone who uses

"The Permutit" Household Water Softener

For Mansion or Cottage

"PERMUTIT" gives you ideally soft water for Drinking, Toilet, Hot Water Service, Laundry, etc.

Hundreds of Town and Country Houses are now fitted with "Permutit" Water Softeners.

You can have a "PERMUTIT" Plant fitted in your house without alteration of existing piping.

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IMPERIAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C. 2.

Kenneth Durward
LTD.

THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR GOLFING, SHOOTING, SPORTING AND MOTOR GARMENTS.

A Large Selection of
Overcoats
for the Moors, Golfing, Shooting, and Travelling Wear. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.
From 7 Guineas.

Sporting and Golfing Jackets
In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.
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Unrivalled Selection of CHEVIOTS, LOVATS, and SCOTCH and IRISH HOMESPUNS, Etc., for our famous "HO" GOLF SUIT
From 8 Guineas.

THE D.B. "AINTREE"
Absolutely the most distinguished looking and comfortable Travelling Coat extant. Our new Blanket Cloth and Fleece assure luxurious warmth and perfect comfort with the minimum of weight.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Xmas Gifts

WILKINSON
Safety Shaver

All the advantages of a full Hollow Ground Razor in a Safety Shaver.

The **Hollow Ground Blades**, together with Adjustable Head of Shaver Holder; the Roller Guard; and a Patent Automatic Stropping Machine, to keep the blades in perfect order; give that delightful velvety shave that is so seldom obtained with a Safety Razor.

The set comprising 7 **Hollow Ground Blades**, adjustable Shaver Holder, Patent Automatic Stropping Machine and Setting Handle, complete in Walnut Case ... **42/-**

The Set, as above, with 3 Hollow Ground Blades **25/-**

Sets with Solid Blades, 40/- and 25/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE

The WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,
53 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.
Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. *Razor Manufacturers.*
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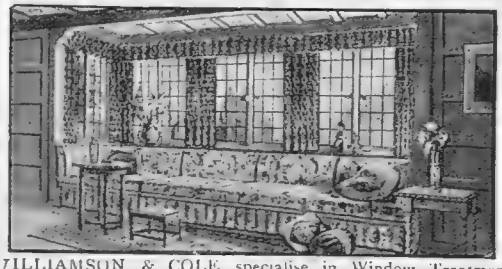
The Home Beautiful

SPECIALISTS IN ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS



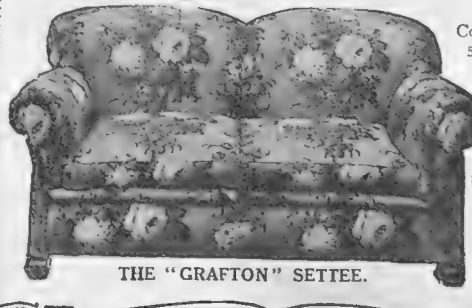
WILLIAMSON & COLE specialise in Window Treatments. Application should be made for their book, **"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL,"** with patterns of their famous Furnishing Fabrics.

THE "SEFTON" SIDEBOARD.
Of original design. Constructed from very fine quality Figured Oak, with carefully carved enrichments and good quality fittings. Two cupboards and two drawers. The whole finished a beautiful shade of brown. At the moderate cost of **20 Gns.**

THE "DELPHINIUM" CURTAINS, Loose Covers and Carpet as per illustration, make a most effective and unique treatment.
Curtains of Bolton Sheeting with applique in various colourings, 3½ yds. long **46 9** per pair.

Comfortable Chair. Covered in plain lining with Loose Cover in "Delphinium" Cretonne as illustration, **£5.10.0** complete.

THE "DELPHINIUM" CARPET.
In various sizes. 3 yds. by 4 yds.
£6.6.0



Comfortable 5 ft. 6 in. Lounge with extra spring edge seat. One end adjustable. As illustration, **14 Gns.**

THE "GRAFTON" SETTEE.

Williamson & Cole LTD
HIGH STREET CLAPHAM S.W.4

REDUCING THE WEIGHT

HOW TO TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT

We all know that after babyhood fat is ugliness, that where Obesity enters beauty flees, because fat distorts the features, smothers grace, eclipses charm and shrouds youth.

But how can we reduce our fat quickly, easily, without discomfort or privation, yet safely and altogether successfully? That is a question that a great many of the over-stout are asking. We do not wish to take dangerous, poisonous or purging drugs. Neither do we wish to take exhausting exercises nor to use the sweat cure or starve ourselves. Yet there is a way—a way that will please you to the extent of happiness. It is a simple way that has stood the test of years, and it has required years to perfect, and to-day it stands a monument of perfection. Thousands of men and women all over the civilised world endorse it.

This illustrates the benefits of the Hartland Method of fat reduction.

Here are a few extracts from some of their letters, One lady writes:—"It is splendid. I have not quite finished the treatment yet, but I have nearly reduced the 20 lbs. and have felt a lot better in health."

Another lady writes:—"I have removed about 16 lbs. of fat, proving that your treatment is all you can say and more. I feel it a duty to write as it is such a comfort to go out and feel I am not being laughed at for being unduly fat. Now I have no fear."

A Scotch client says:—"I have lost 2 st. so far and I have still some of the treatment left. I sleep better than I have done for years."

Another writes:—"I feel years younger now: your treatment seems to have given me new life. I think it is worth its weight in gold. I have lost about 2 st."

The above extracts from letters are, of course, just a few, but it gives an idea of what one is to expect. Do not confound this method with the ordinary treatment for reducing weight, but if you are stout or getting stout, and want to reduce, write to-day to Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 499), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E. C. 1, and ask for the Free Book on Weight Reduction and give the method a trial. Either it will reduce your weight or it will not, and it costs nothing if it fails. This should be good enough. Your letter will be treated quite confidentially.

1806

A gift that cannot fail to please——

such is Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne.

You may not know her preference in other perfumes, but all women and most men like *Eau de Cologne*, You would give none other than the best, and the best is still the original JEAN MARIE FARINA.

French in origin, French in name, the old original genuine *Eau de Cologne* is made from French ingredients exclusively by Roger & Gallet in Paris, exactly as it was made over a century ago.

1-oz. size, 2/9; 2-oz., 4/6; 4-oz., 8/6; 8-oz., 16/6; from all high-class Chemists, Hairdressers, Drapers and Stores.

Roger & Gallet

You will best appreciate the specialities of Roger & Gallet by sending for their miniature samples of Fleurs D'Amour Perfume and Powder, Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne, &c., &c. Send one shilling P.O. with your request to Roger & Gallet (London), Ltd., Dept. 8, 14, Poland Street W 1.

Complete Roger & Gallet Price List on applica ion

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D. H. EVANS & Co. LTD.

Best Value Corsets in the World. **Every Pair Fully Guaranteed.**

ALL TWILFIT CORSETS are fitted with Twilfit Spiral Steel—Rustless and Unbreakable. Exclusively a "Twilfit" feature. They are unobtainable in any other Corset.

"Twilfit" Model No. **2003 B.—Slender Figure.—A Sports Corset,** with Silk Elastic at Top, specially bound to prevent tearing, lightly Boned, Short-cut Model in Front, Hips, and Back, and Low Bust, fitted with Four Suspenders. Sizes 19 to 28 in.
Post Free. Price, per pair **10/6**

"Twilfit" Model No. **3116 B.—Full Figure.—New Reducing Model** in firm White Coutil, fitted with Three Gussets of specially durable Elastic, and Elastic Lacing under Busk, firm Boning in Front and deep over Hips. Sizes 22 to 36 in.
Post Free. Price, per pair **21/-**

"Twilfit" Model No. **4141 B.—Average Figure.**—New Model in handsome Silk Brocade. Very low in front, with Silk Elastic inset under Bust. Well cut, long over the Hips, it has an Elastic Gusset of specially durable Elastic. In Pink or White. Sizes 22 to 36 in.
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Also Model 2424, Fine White Coutil. Price **25/-** per pair. Post Free.

"Twilfit" Model No. **1010 B.—Full Figure.—Our Special Reducing Model,** as advertised, with Patented Cross Supports, fitted with Unbreakable Spiral Boning in very strong quality Coutil, and with Six Hose Supporters. Sizes 22 to 30 in.
Post Free. Price, per pair **15/11**
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has solved the problem of mechanically playing the Piano to the satisfaction of the musician. Its pedals are so sensitive that the performer can control the "touch" as a pianist does with his fingers. Whether you want to play dance music to amuse the youngsters or serious classical compositions for their musically disposed elders

THE CAROLA WILL DO IT TO PERFECTION.

Made in our London Factory the highest class of workmanship is guaranteed. Fitted to BLÜTHNER, GORS & KALLMAN and other makes of Pianos and it can be supplied on DEFERRED PAYMENT SYSTEM and YOUR OLD PIANO WILL BE TAKEN IN PART PAYMENT.

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LOUVRE

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Gift buying loses its customary perplexities if you visit the Louvre, for we have given particular attention to cater ***well*** for the needs of the gift buyer. Each department offers hundreds of suggestions for appropriate presents.

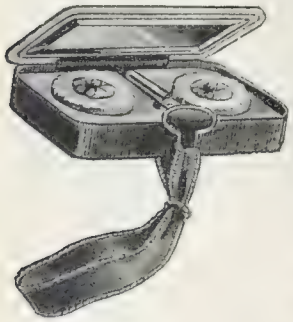
THE TOY SHOW

has all the fascinating attractions the children so eagerly anticipate. We are giving away interesting novelties to the kiddies, and to the grown-ups presents of real utility

No. W. 762. Embroidery Case, of five pieces in silver, in leather case. A most acceptable present. Price **15/6**

We have published an interesting catalogue which portrays the best of the new fashions and hundreds of items of general merchandise. We should like to send you a copy.

No. W. 433. Our special design fold-over shape, Black Moire Silk Bag, size, 6 in. x 5½ ins., with silver trimmed border, cord handle, numerous pockets, fitted with mirror. Price **25/6**



No. W. 560. La Mode Spanish Comb with fine Toledo imitation engraving. Price **14/6**

No. W. 562. The Chestnut Comb, one of the latest novelties. Exceptional value at Price **7/11**

Cheques payable Magasins du Louvre, Ltd.

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No. W. 3907. Latest novelty. Umbrella of Shappe Silk, long handle of very good imitation Ivory, tips to match. Price **26/-**

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No. W. 3909. Fashionable Umbrella, covered Peau de Soie, fancy handle in Wood and Galatithe Price **35/-**

No. W. 3910. Children's Umbrellas with effective designs of elephants, cats, etc. Price **11/6**

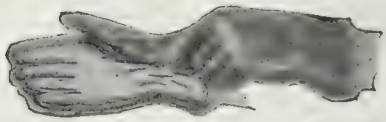
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

PENBERTHY'S LTD.

388, 390, 392, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W. 1

GLOVES

Make Ideal Xmas Gifts



LADIES' FUR-BACKED GLOVES in IMMENSE VARIETY

NATURAL CONEY ..	11/9, 13/11, 15/11
BROWN LONG-HAIRED RABBIT ..	21/9
MOLE CONEY	25/9
SEAL CONEY	29/6
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Xmas Catalogue Post Free on Request.

3 Pairs choice KID GLOVES, in White or Colours, for **17/9**
In Pretty Box.

3 Pairs PENBERTHY'S "PULL-ON" WASHABLE MOCHA SUEDE, in useful Colours, for **28/6**
In Pretty Box.

3 Pairs of GLOVES. { 1 Pair REAL DEERSKIN, 1 „ WASHING CHAMOIS, 1 „ LONG WHITE KID } for **35/-**
In Pretty Box.

Send for your AMAMI (AH-MA-ME) *Sample Casket*

This Sample contains AMAMI PERFUME (as sold at 1/9) MANICURE STONE (as sold at 1/-) AMAMI SHAMPOO (as sold at 6d.) and dainty sachets of CREAM, SOAP, POWDER (in three shades), AUBURN for Hair. BATH DUSTING POWDER, TALCUM, DENTIFRICE, CACHOUS, NAIL POWDER and leaflets of AMAMI ROUGE. Also an intriguing book on BEAUTY CULTURE by MARIE D'ANJOU All AMAMI specialities are obtainable in usual-size packings from the better Chemists and Coiffeurs. Send now for Sampler Box No. 15.

You will be particularly interested in this AMAMI Sampler if you regularly delight in the luxurious fragrance of AMAMI SHAMPOOS. Most women do. Yet AMAMI Beauty Aids also cover Cream, Soap, Powder, Perfume and Manicure requisites—everything vital to your day and evening toilet. Rather than unduly praise them in print, we prefer that you should test them in use, and for this purpose the Sampler Beauty Box now awaits you. To ensure a fair distribution requests will be dealt in strict rotation. Send a P.O. for 2/- (which covers postage) to-day to :

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"La Naturelle" French Transformations. Always admired but never detected.

These artistic natural Transformations are always a revelation to those who have hitherto been content with the ordinary Transformations.

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There is always a demand for super excellence, and no pains are spared by Mons. Georges, to maintain with "La Naturelle" the premier position.

"LA NATURELLE" TOUPET, from **5** *Guineas.*
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(The "Times" System of Instalments is available).

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The BYSTANDER

BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

A Household Treasure

No wonder the children love it! The crisp, golden-brown crust appeals to healthy young appetites with a zest which brooks no denial.

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(Trade Mark)

contains the vital elements of the golden wheat. It nourishes brain and body; promotes vigorous health; brings bounding vitality.

Your Baker Bakes It

BY A. A. THOMSON. *Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

OYEZ ! Oyez ! Oyez !
I am the Bellman.
I am THE BYSTANDER Bellman.
In fact, if such a dignified functionary may be permitted a quip,
I am THE BYSTANDER Cap-and-Bellman.
In breeches, bag-wig, and beaver-hat,
I stump through the snow,
The gleaming, glistening, triple-sec Christmassy snow
(Editorially provided, regardless of cost.)
Along the white streets I go,
Speaking *vers libre*—
In case you hadn't noticed it, this is *vers libre*—
Ringing my jingling, clanging, clattering old bell like
Billyho,
And calling on all the King's *lieges*, gentle and simple, to give ear to
MY GOOD NEWS.

* * *

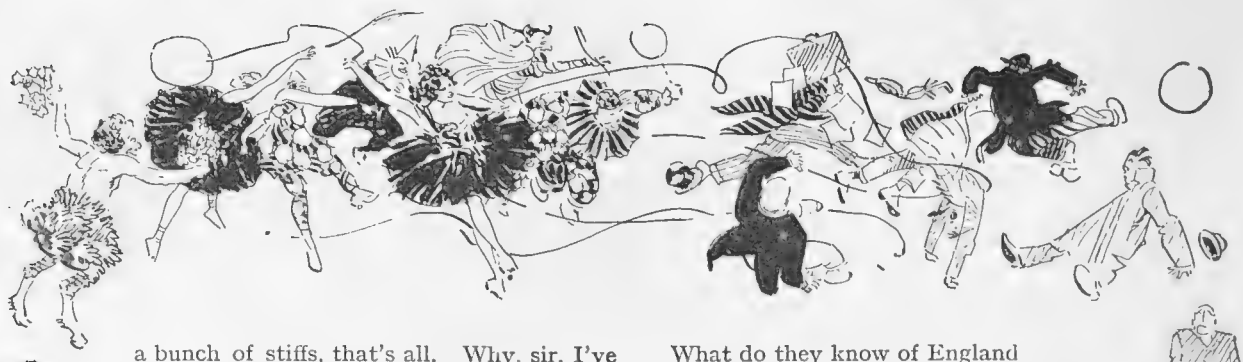
God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay.
The season's ills,
Coughs, croups and chills,
The brutal bane of butcher's bills—
I'll banish right away.

Yes, rest you, merry gentlemen.
What's that ? You are not merry ?
You wear a frown ?
You're quite cast down ?
The dustman's had your last half-crown ?
Now, that's distressing. Very.

Still . . . rest you, merry gentlemen.
There's naught from joy can bann you all,
But I request,
Before you rest,
You'll straightway make yourself possessed
Of my BYSTANDER ANN-U-AL.

* * *

YES, sir (said he, popping on his horn-rimmed spectacles and side-slipping into a strange, uncouth tongue), this little cracker-jack, topside old annual of mine is the biggest noise and the blindingest flash that ever hit the high spots, I'll tell the world. If it doesn't beat the John Philip Sousa, call me bone-head. Is it the goods ? Well, ask me. Yes, sir, Jump down the elevator-well and ask me. Artists ? I've got the dandiest collection of artist buddies that ever ate burnt sienna for breakfast. Writers ? I'm handling the hottest team of ink-slinging ginks between Pittsburg and Pancake Tuesday. Jokes ? Say, if a man fell off the Flatiron Building and saw one of my jokes half-way down, he'd laugh when he hit the sidewalk. I'm not asking you to buy the thing, but if you don't club the guy at the bookstall and clamp your mitt on my annual one-time, you're



a bunch of stiffs, that's all. Why, sir, I've got . . . but wait till I tell you.

* * *

This world is so full of a number of things
Which keep us from being as happy as kings;
There are wars that break out, there are crooks that break in;
Profiteers that grow fat and back-hair that grows thin;
There are wild tax-collectors with ravening maws;
There are Memoirs and Margots and Bernards and Shaws;
Our bad men turn Red and our good ones feel blue.
I've got no opinion of *this* world. Have you?

But

If this world's a dud one, in spirit and letter,
I'll show you a world that grows better and better,
A land of delight, undeserving of strictures—
The kindly and colourful world of my pictures;
A land full of fairies and pixies and elves,
Where things always are as you'd have them, yourselves;
Where Harlequins wander and Columbines roam;
Where beauty—real beauty—is always At Home.

What do they know of England
Who only England know,
When England's steeped in stodginess
And wallowing in woe?
I sing a merrier England,
A genuine, better 'ole,
Where high and low drink deeply
From Friendship's wassail-bowl.

They know a lot of England
Who have the luck to know
The joy of kissing English girls
'Neath English mistletoe.
They know the best of England
Who sit beside the fire
And list the children's laughter,
While the pine-log blazes higher.

Then here's to merry England,
Here's to her glistening holly,
Here's to her laughter, broad and deep,
Here's to her Christmas folly.
For Jollity's an English oak,
And nothing shall uproot him,
But carking Care's a Bolshie—
Let's boot him!

* * *

And so, kind friends, here we are. Play! Service! *Faites vos jeux!* All aboard! Beginners for Act One, please! Take your partners for the joy-step! Seconds out of the ring! In other words, kind ladies and gentlemen all, please turn over and go on from here!

BY FRED LEIST

A COLD SNAP

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

A New Conversational Competition.

HOW often in the club, in town or midst the camps and débris of the pavestone pickers, or even in Balham on the way to procure the local margarine, indeed anywhere, do we see people—we may know them, we may not—in absorbed colloquy, or in less exalted phrase it might, perhaps, be termed "chummy back-chat."

But the witty wordsman is not always to be found amongst your colour-shirted clubmen, indeed, in conversational conflict with one of our pavestone pickers or some "lidy from Lewisham" he might find himself a very poorly placed "also ran."

H. M. Bateman, whose clever sketches are familiar to all our readers, has drawn a series of "Conversational Drawings," two of which are reproduced on this page. You will agree that they are amusing, typically lifelike, but—

CONVERSATION No. 1: THE CLUBMEN

CONVERSATION No. 2: THE NAVVIES

—WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

Precisely.

And that's what we want you to tell us.

Nothing elaborate, nothing long; just short and snappy, brilliant and smart.

Looking at the two clubmen, we are reminded of George Grossmith's immortal story. "Is your wife entertaining this year, old boy?" And the "Old Boy" rejoined, "No, not very!"

There are six illustrations requiring such "story titles," and the subsequent drawings will be published in our issues of November 29 and December 6.

A prize of Three Guineas is offered for the best title to each individual drawing, and for the best complete set of six titles an additional prize of Ten Guineas.

The Editor's decision is final.

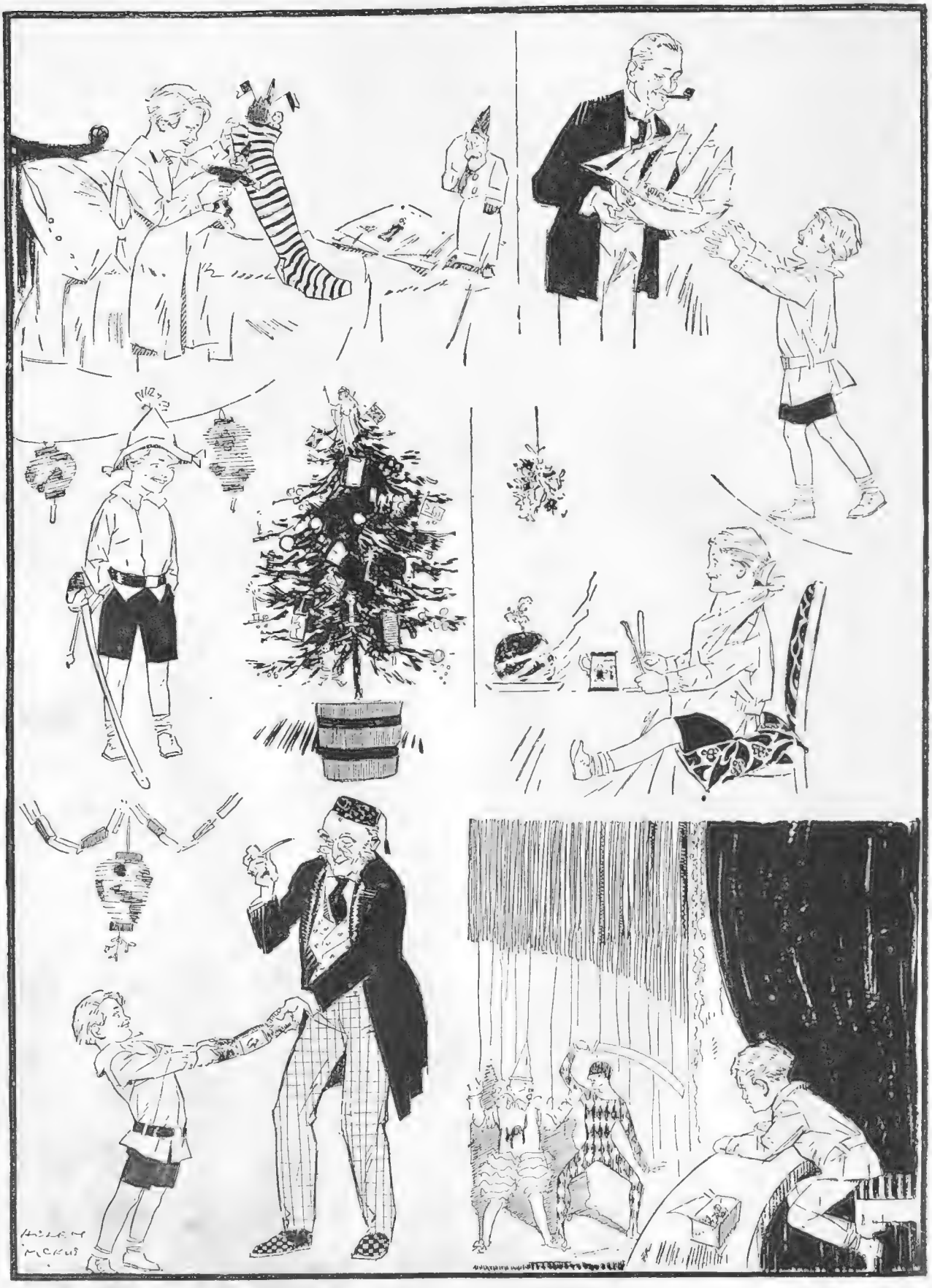
The closing date for the Competition is January 31, 1923. Full particulars will be found on the coupon on page ii, which must be detached and forwarded to "The Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Graphic Buildings, E.C. 4." Each envelope to be marked "Competition."

Pessimistic Portents

BY ALFRED LEETE

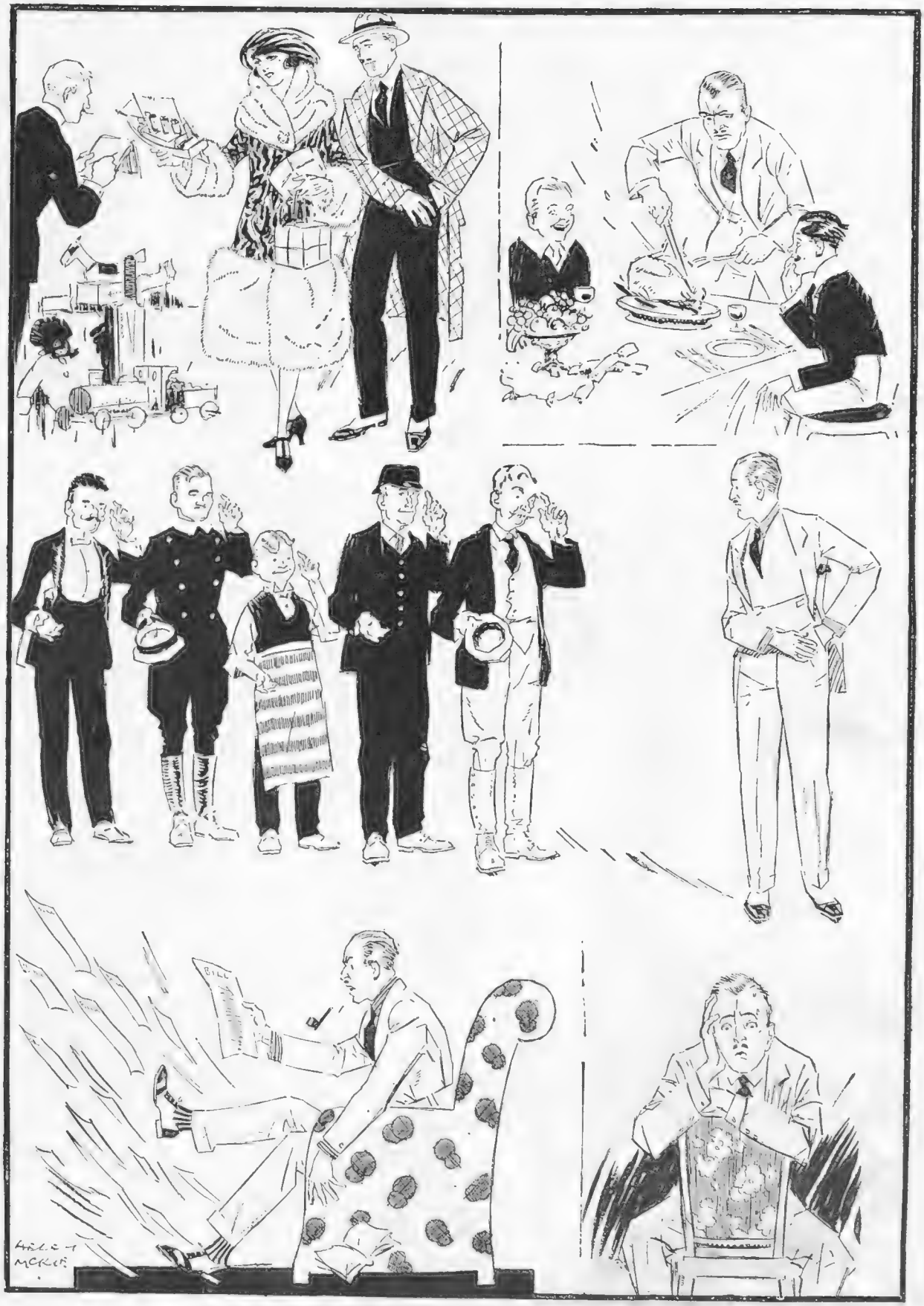
SURE SIGNS OF CHRISTMAS

1892



CHRISTMAS AS I REMEMBER IT, AND—

1922



BY HELEN McKIE

—CHRISTMAS AS I'D LIKE TO FORGET IT

Here's To Us

BY "BLANCHETTE"

DEAR COUSIN—

HERE'S all the best and lots of jolly fun, and may your shadow never grow less. . . . I mean, well, of course, that's rather a *Turkish* sort of wish, isn't it? Positively admire people plump and round they do, don't they—which isn't at *all* in fashion just now, what?

WHAT I really want to say is, though, do hope you (and everyone else) 'll be having a simply fearfully lovely time when you read this, and go on doing so, too, *ad infinitum*, and for-ever-and-ever-Amen!

NOT only in England now, either, where it's cert'nly sometimes rather difficult. What with the prices of things, for one little matter—which have even rather terrified the hosts of Americans who came over this year, and you'd think *they* wouldn't be very easily disturbed or put off their stroke by any amount of dollars *or* pounds to be expended. 'Cording to all the traditions, that is, but seems to me all our old values, as they say, are a bit upset these days.

RATHER a topsy-turvy world in some ways just this very moment as ever is, what? When after four years of war we've just had four of peace, and 'pon my word don't seem to know quite exactly where we stand at the end of it all. Doesn't 'pear to have quite arrived yet, anyway, that millennium we were all rather looking for in our heart of hearts, even if we didn't talk about it so much as some.

BUT after all, what's the odds s'long as we're happy, as, I believe, they used to say in a song or something years and years and years ago. After all, it's the same old life, come to think of it, with lots and lots of awfully nice things going on in it all the time, even if there's one or two snags as well.

AND you've simply *got* to have a bit of a mixture so's to appreciate properly the purple patches thereof. "Happiness, to be realised, needs faint perception of sadness, as needs the egg the touch of salt to manifest its flavour," as they put it in that book-of-the-moment, *This Freedom*.

SO here's hoping, to you and all my dear cousins at home and abroad, that *your* mixture 'll be one of the very best and brightest brand, and if there's got to be salt, only just enough to avert the envy of the gods, as the old Greek dramatists and people used to say. Greetings of good cheer, especially, and all my fondest love and bestest wishes to the dear men of the Services, from the biggest General of 'em all to the tiniest "snottie," or Babe of the Bounding Blue.

RATHER neglected, you know, these days, the Services say they are. Those gallant men for whom only a few years ago there was nothing in the world quite good enough. "We're the world's Cinderellas now, Blanchette," as one of them wrote sadly to me the other day, now that

The tumult and the shouting's died,

and the captains and the kings long ago departed, and become just mere country gentlemen, or crossing-sweepers, as the case may be.

BUT always, always, let me tell them, in your Blanchette's heart, anyway, they have their special place, those dear darling lads who above all deserve their happiness without even the very tiniest little pinch of salt. Here's to them and to you and to all of us, and no heel-taps to it, either!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

THE CHRISTMAS CURTAIN

PORTALS OF FAIRYLAND

CHRISTMAS ROSES

MARIE-LOUISE is a darling, I know ;
Her eyes would a codfish entrance ;
She's so trim, and so pale, and so sure of herself—
Yes, summer girls flourish in France.

When the cherry blooms white and the cherry blooms thick
The spring girls come out in Japan ;
They are almonds and ivory melted and mixed
To be poured in the heart of a man.

Dolores and Anna and Selma and Jeanne
Are flowers that bloom in the sun ;
Belgium and Sweden and Holland and Spain
Enjoy them when spring has begun.

But autumn comes round—and the flower is afraid
Of catching a cold in its head !
The windows of Europe and Asia are closed
And the stove-door is opened instead.

Now *I* know a flower that blooms in the snow,
All laughing and healthy and bold ;
She has tweed on her body and boots on her feet.
And she's young as the spring—and as old.
O ! Mary in winter is sweeter than sweet,
With her pretty nose pink with the cold !

H. PEARL ADAM.

SKETCHES BY ELSA COURLANDER

A Spanish Comb

by

E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY C. MORSE

"Mick Kenyon, his whole body taut to the task, stood on the ladder twenty feet from the ground"

Warden lay back in the long chair on the lawn studying his companion between half-closed eyes. He had shared the common astonishment of the billiard-room last night, put tersely by Mick Kenyon, as if it was one of the world's wonders, that Whitelaw "went very well with women." Warden saw in him merely a swarthy South African who had made a pile of money during the War. Curious that the lovely Marion Larne should be such a pal of this rather sinister man. Couldn't be his money that attracted her, either. She had been left stacks herself, when her husband was killed in Ireland. No. Women were odd sometimes about their men friends. This accounted largely for Mick's open hostility to the "profiteering dago," as he termed him contemptuously. It was apparent to all that Mick was completely bowled over by this fascinating widow; and he was becoming rather a nuisance in consequence. His golf had gone all to pieces the last fortnight. She seemed to be quite oblivious. Purposely, no doubt. After all, he was younger by some years. And without a bob worth speaking of, until old Kenyon, his uncle, died. But it had sobered Mick down considerably. That was something, anyway. He had ceased doing the senseless, daring things which had earned him the title of "Mick the Madman" throughout the whole Division in France. Amazing he had not been killed a dozen times.

He must have gone to sleep after all, dash it. Because he had not heard the footman padding across the lawn with the tea things. But he heard Mrs. Larne's low laugh suddenly, and saw her and Mick coming up the stone steps from the Dutch garden. They were standing together on the lawn, quite close, and he had bent to disentangle a piece of rose briar from her silk skirt. Warden glanced at Whitelaw in the hammock. He, too, had woken and lay there watching them with dull, attentive eyes. A vision of the great Malay tiger at the Zoo suddenly slid into Warden's mind. He had watched him basking, sleek and well fed, in the sunlight of a recent Sunday. Large, impassive, motionless. Cruelty expressed in every rippling curve of the striped body. There seemed a curious similarity in Whitelaw as he lay there placid, watchful, in brown striped flannels, dark eyes travelling slowly over them both. But Marion Larne's sudden laugh and her gurgling reply to some remark of Mick's, "But how ridiculous," struck the commonsense note again, and Warden rose and stretched himself back into the practical realities of iced coffee and freshly picked strawberries.

The house-party gathered and dispersed about the tea-tables in groups. You did as the spirit moved you at Mallows, so long as you let your host sleep indefinitely on Sunday afternoon. Simpson was regaling his particular group at tea with an account he had read in the *Sunday Times* that morning of an enterprising burglar who had planted a ladder against a suburban bedroom window, got in, with a husband, wife, and child asleep in the room and decamped, unheard, with a fair quantity of jewellery.

"Pretty cool, that," he concluded, beating a daisy to death with the head of his tennis racquet.

Whitelaw had smiled a slow smile, and said, putting down his teacup carefully, "I should be sorry for the man who got into my room at night. He would never leave it alive."

"Gracious!" exclaimed young Nancy Arkwright from under a pink parasol, "what *would* you do?"

"I sleep very light," responded the South African, quietly, "and I'm reckoned a pretty tidy shot."

"But you don't mean you keep a revolver——"

"Always. Under my pillow. Have for years. Some people put their watches there. It's all a matter of habit—and if you've travelled much."

He probably would. He was that sort of man. Everyone felt that. And there was an impressive pause, knocked into sudden ridicule by Mick Kenyon's "Nonsense," said with quite unnecessary rudeness.

"Eh?" remarked Whitelaw, scanning the boy's face coldly.

"I said 'nonsense,'" repeated Mick, meeting the other's appraising eyes steadily.

"You'd probably go on snoring. And if you did wake, you couldn't hit a man in the dark."

"Well, you had better try, young man, if you are so sure," was all Whitelaw said, very deliberately. And a girl in the group giggled.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

There was now distinct tension. Mick bit his lip, aware of his rudeness. But his confusion was tactfully covered by Mrs. Larne rising with :

" Micky, I'm ready to be shown that new step you talk so much about. Do we roll up the carpet in the hall ? And will your uncle mind the gramophone on Sunday ? "

. . . . .

The four men, Mick, Warden, Searle, and Anderson, were left alone in the billiard-room. There had been hilarious family snooker. But everyone had yawned their way to bed long ago, and the four had played one more, seriously.

" It's their game, Wardie." Mick clipped his cue back into the rack. He had played badly all the evening, poking at his shots and frowning absently. " You chaps going to have a last drink ? Say when."

He squirted plain soda into his own glass. He had drunk Vichy at dinner.

" Why the abstinence touch ? " asked Searle, carelessly. " Going on the water wagon again ? "

" No," replied Mick, fingering a stud in his dress shirt thoughtfully and staring out of the window to the moon-splashed lawns. " I've got a job on hand."

" Not at this time of night, surely. It's nearly one."

" Wardie, do you remember how we got into the Commandant's bedroom to get a squint at the prison plans ? " Mick was leaning against the wall, glass in hand, a queer look of concentration in his eyes.

" I remember how *you* did, you idiot," his friend replied, chuckling. " You scared me stiff then—why ? "

" 'Member that African bloke's remark this afternoon at tea ? Done for effect, of course. I'm going to take him down a peg or two, that's all."

Light began to dawn on Warden. He put his glass down gravely, and came to the window.

" What bedroom ? What plans ? " asked the other two, knowing Mick's reputation and scenting a good story. Warden intervened.

" Mick climbed into the Hun Commandant's bedroom in the prison camp in Germany one night when we were planning an escape, and had a look at the plans. They would have done him in at once if the old man had woken up. He didn't. But the plans were in cypher, and it was a damfool trick, anyway. What's the big idea now, Mick ? You're not going to be so crazy as to—— ? "

" Shut up. All I'm going to do is to get into this Whitelaw person's room "—there was deep contempt in his voice—" pinch a few things off his dressing-table, and hand them back to him at breakfast. High time he was ticked off for swanking."

" Whew ! " from Searle.

" Don't you be silly," from Anderson. " I know this type of man. He probably meant what he said ; and we don't want any shooting here in the middle of the night—frighten the women to death."

Warden said nothing. He had seen the look on Mick's face, and he knew him too well. Nothing short of physical violence would restrain Mick the Madman when his mind was set upon a thing. Moreover, he moved like a cat in the dark, as Warden well knew.

" Listen, you fellows," went on Mick, collectedly. " I want witnesses. Otherwise he will bluff, and say I bribed one of the menservants

"Should he take the swine by the throat and throttle him now? Why not?"

"*A SPANISH COMB*" (*continued*)

to fetch the stuff away with his early morning tea. He sleeps with his window wide open—only thing decent about him that I can see—I know the hang of his room; I prospected in there when he came down to dinner. It's dead easy. There's a ladder in the greenhouse over there, just the right length. I want you men to stay here. To see me get in. I'll show you the swag when I come down again. I'm going up to put on a dark coat and some gym. shoes. You wait here."

When Mick had gone upstairs Warden said: "Of course, he is a blithering idiot. But it is not the least good interfering. When he is in this sort of mood the more you oppose him the worse he gets. We ought to stop him, of course—but if we do he will do something else equally silly."

"Personally," said Searle, filling a pipe, "I believe that was all bluff of Whitelaw's. Don't suppose for a moment he sleeps with a gun under his pillow; nor that he would blaze off like that."

"They often do, these Colonials," remarked Anderson. "I know 'em, too. He was not bluffing. He meant it."

Mick re-appeared, an old blue school blazer covering his shirt front, collar buttoned up, bicycle clips round the feet of his dress trousers. And that queer, restless light in his eyes. He moved silently out on to the lawn with a quick smile at the three men clustered about the billiard-room window, which commanded a view of that wing of the house where Whitelaw's room lay.

There was just enough light from a waning moon for them to see his black form emerge, stooping from the greenhouse, a long white ladder across his shoulder. They watched him place it carefully against the red brickwork. The top rung was only a foot or so below Whitelaw's casement. He began to climb steadily. An owl hooted suddenly from an adjacent copse, and Warden felt Searle start at his side. Anderson's shirt front began to creak with his tense breathing. "Of course, we're criminally liable, if anything happens," he croaked, anxiously, and cursed Mick venomously under his breath.

Mick Kenyon, his whole body tant to the task, his whole mind alert, mouth set grimly, stood on the ladder twenty feet from the ground, his head just below the sill. He had not told the other men that, when prospecting the bedroom, he had seen the pigskin revolver holster on the little table by the bed. He was not bluffing. But he should be made to look a fool in the morning, nevertheless. He swung a leg noiselessly over the sill and dropped on to the thick carpet. His body had only been silhouetted a moment against the faint light. And Whitelaw slept on. He could hear the deep, regular breathing from the big bed. Catlike he crept round into the room and stayed perfectly still, kneeling on the floor. Then slowly he rose and approached the dressing-table. There must be no fumbling. His fingers moved cautiously along the polished oak surface until they touched something. A queer shaped thing, with prongs, semi-circular. Would that do? What was it? He held it up to the window. Good God! Marion's comb.

"He told her Haltingly, incoherently, but with the innate honesty that was part of the man"

A Spanish comb, of tortoise-shell, beautifully made, with little pearls all along the top. She had worn it to-night; and he had remarked how wonderfully it suited her hair and the shape of her head. She had smiled and said, "You silly boy; but how observant you are." And here it was.

But on Whitelaw's dressing-table!

Abandoning all caution he spun round. The sleeping man stirred irritably. An instinct warned Mick to drop to his knees. He lay there crouched upon the floor, a dozen demons of suspicion pounding at his heart. It was true, then—what women had been heard to say of her; what his sister, only last week, had hinted at. That is what Sybil meant when she had remarked pointedly:

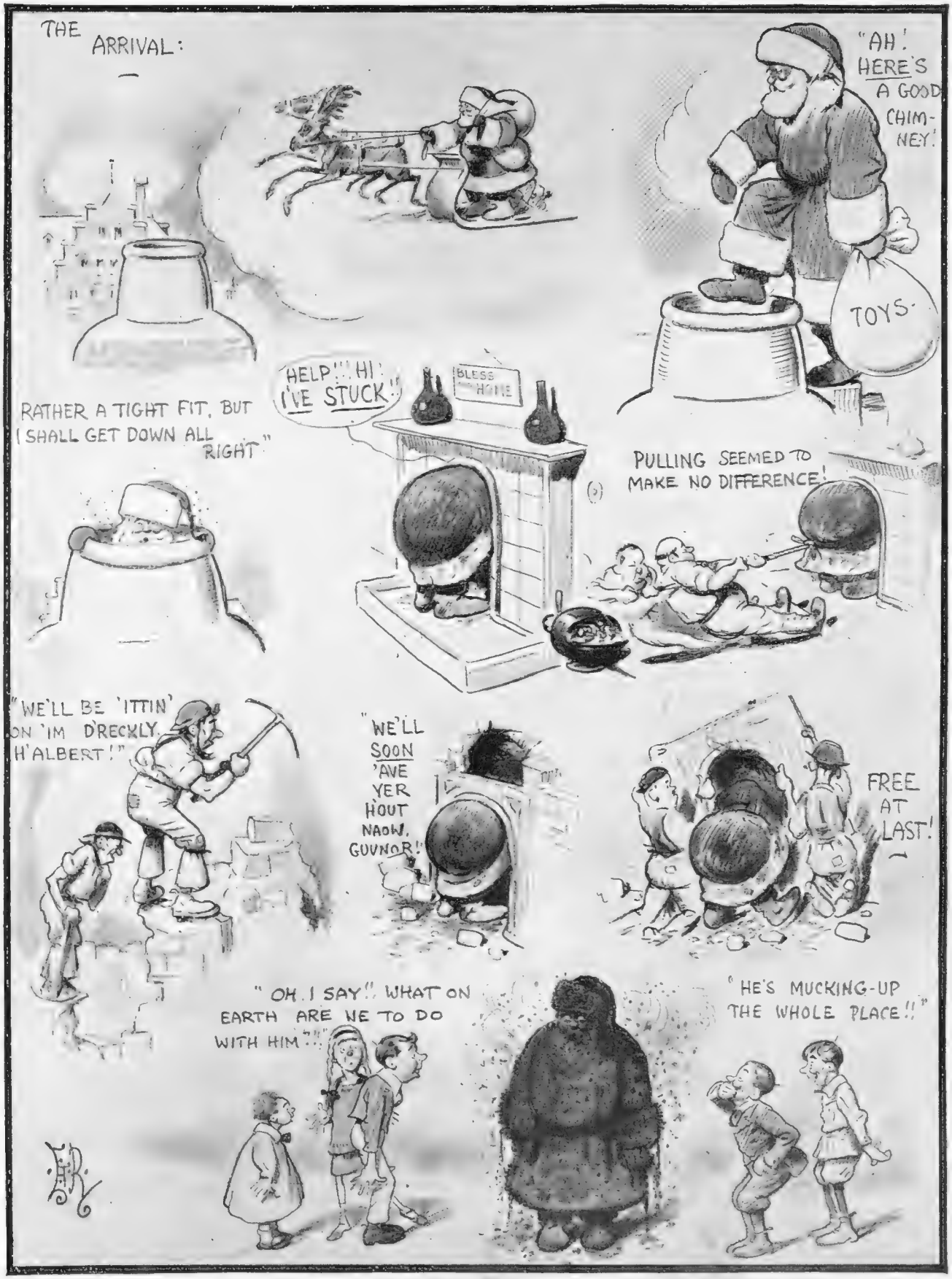
"Yes, Micky, dear, but are you sure she is quite—er—*all right*?"

And he had nearly knocked her down there and then, his own little sister. He forgot the quest, the adventure, the taking down of Whitelaw. She, this woman, *his* woman—no, Whitelaw's! After all the sweet and tender things he had wrapped about her in his thoughts. *Whitelaw's!*

He walked unsteadily to the window, the comb clutched in his hand. Should he take the swine by the throat and throttle him now? Why not?

(*Continued on page 36*)

Santa's Sad Slip



BY E. T. REED

THE HOME IN WHICH FATHER CHRISTMAS RATHER LOST PRESTIGE

"A SPANISH COMB" (*concluded*)

There was a faint click. In his agony of mind he had clenched the brittle shell and a small piece broke off.

Again the man stirred restlessly and muttered something inaudible. Mick stood still by the window, waiting, hoping he would wake. Then they would settle the matter between them, here, now. Settle it? Settle what? Does it concern you? How? Why? Is Mrs. Larne answerable to you? Ask her. He could hear the cynical voice of Whitelaw putting these questions.

With whom would the laugh be then?

He put the comb back on the dressing-table, and the small broken piece in the pocket of his blazer, hardly realising he had done so. He crept to the window; crawled down the ladder; replaced it; walked unsteadily across the lawn, and was met with the subdued voices of the watching men.

"What luck? By Jove! you were lucky to get out of that, old boy."

Lucky? He looked at them queerly, vacantly, and poured himself out a stiff drink without answering. They were crowding round him, eager with questions.

Then Warden noticed his drawn face and stopped.

"What's up, Mick?"

"Nothing. I—er—I drew a blank." At all costs must she be protected.

"How do you mean, drew a blank? You got in all right."

"What I say," he answered shortly; "couldn't find anything; locks his things up, I suppose—or something. I'm off to bed." He turned abruptly and left them.

. . . . .

Mick, jolted suddenly into a morass of misery, for the first time in his life, breakfasted early and alone. Then he went out and sat, hour after hour, in one of the home coverts, away from them all, battling with it, dumbly; turning a small piece of tortoise-shell over and over in a hot hand. He must see her. Just once. He must say he was going away. But he must see her first. Presently he saw her in the distance, coming across one of the lawns, cool, imperturbable, in a white linen skirt, with a book and sunshade, going to a favourite seat by the Dutch garden.

"Good gracious! How tired you look, Mick. Did you have a bad night? I'm so sorry."

He sat down beside her, and to his amazement began mouthing inane platitudes, about nothing that mattered, the while she scanned his face thoughtfully, questioningly.

Voices rose from the path to the road, and Whitelaw appeared.

"Hullo, Marion, morning! Morning, young feller-me-lad. I say, Marion, you dropped your comb on the stairs last night. I retrieved it. Here it is. It seems to have got broken, though I could have sworn it was whole when I picked it up—and I can't find the piece on the stairs, either. Awfully sorry, most odd."

"Oh, thanks so much. Yes, I noticed it had gone when I got up to my room. I'm sorry it's broken, though; it is rather a good one."

And she smiled serenely up at him.

Mick's heart seemed to miss a couple of beats, and he stared blankly.

Searle yelled a question from the dining-room window.

"Yes," called back Whitelaw, "a long one, and some ice in it—coming," and he left them with a smile.

Mick felt himself flush violently as, after having sat silently for some minutes, he drew a broken piece of comb from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Hullo! Where did you find it? Not that it is any good, I'm afraid."

He told her. Haltingly, incoherently, but with the innate honesty that was part of the man. He tried to describe his feelings all that night—this morning. Ending with, "I'm so *terribly* sorry, Marion. My only excuse is that I love you. Does that help you to understand? I was a beast to imagine——?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, quietly, laying a cool hand on his. "I understand. But love is founded on trust, surely? It must be so. At least, mine is. I should always trust *you*, Micky mine, however—er—odd things looked."

Then was his mental chastisement complete.

E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

THE IMMUTABLE EAST

The pyramid of Khephren from the desert, and in the foreground, several Arab tombs. This pyramid is the only one which retains a portion of the original granite cornering at the summit

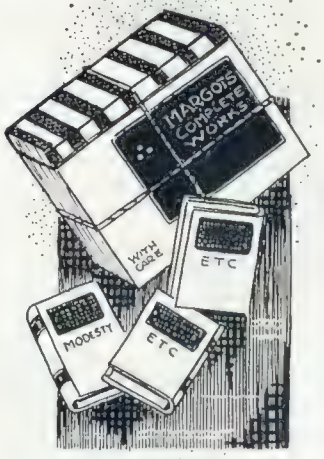
Trailing

Photograph THE ROAD TO ARGENTIÈRE *H. W. Nicholls*

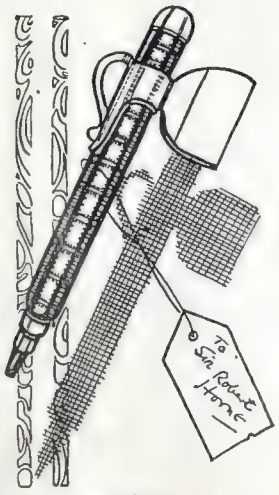
DON'TS FOR DONORS.

IN sending out your Xmas gifts,
The great thing to avoid
Is the risk that the recipient
Should merely be annoyed.

For instance you would only rouse
Poor Mr. Asquith's gorge
By sending him—however good—
A bust of D. Lloyd George.



And David I imagine too
Would put a strong embargo
On any parcels which he got
Containing books by Margot.



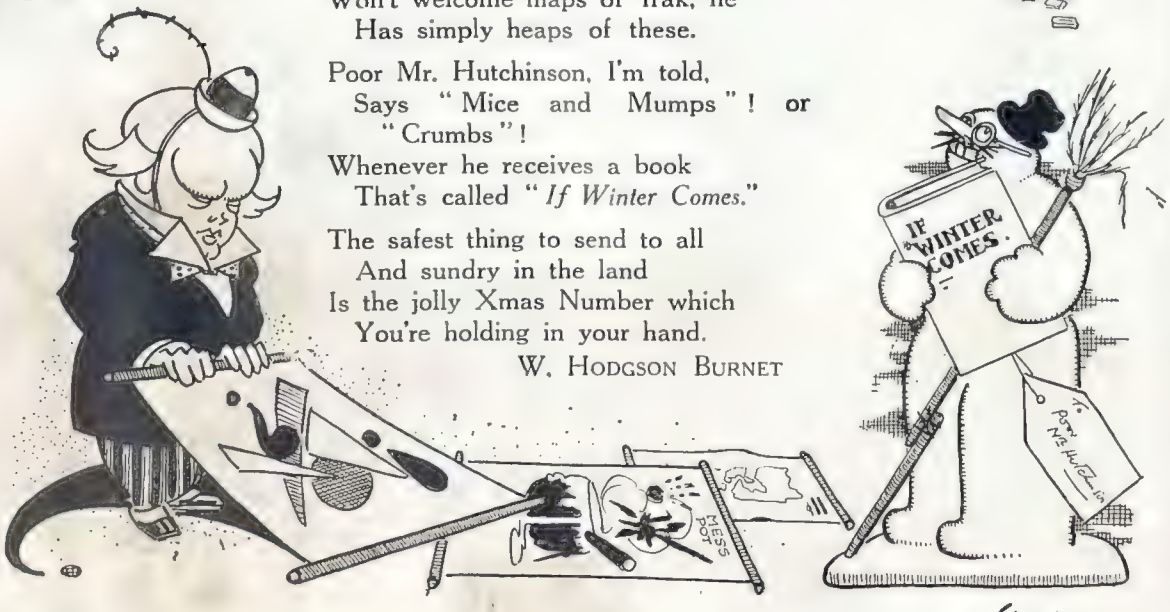
The gift to send Sir Robert Horne
Into a fearful wax
Is anything that takes the shape
Of that infernal axe.

And if you *want* Sir Alfred Mond
To grumble and to grouse,
You'll forward him a model of
An uncompleted house.

I'm certain that McCurdy would
Be savage if he saw
A photograph (though framed complete)
Of Mr. Harry Shaw.

And Mr. Winston Churchill, though
Not difficult to please,
Won't welcome maps of Irak, he
Has simply heaps of these.

Poor Mr. Hutchinson, I'm told,
Says "Mice and Mumps"! or
"Crumbs"!
Whenever he receives a book
That's called "*If Winter Comes.*"



The safest thing to send to all
And sundry in the land
Is the jolly Xmas Number which
You're holding in your hand.

W. HODGSON BURNET

Virginia

BY STAN TERRY

"How old did you say she was?"
"Oh—still in her nicotines!"

Which One?

BY STANLEY LLOYD

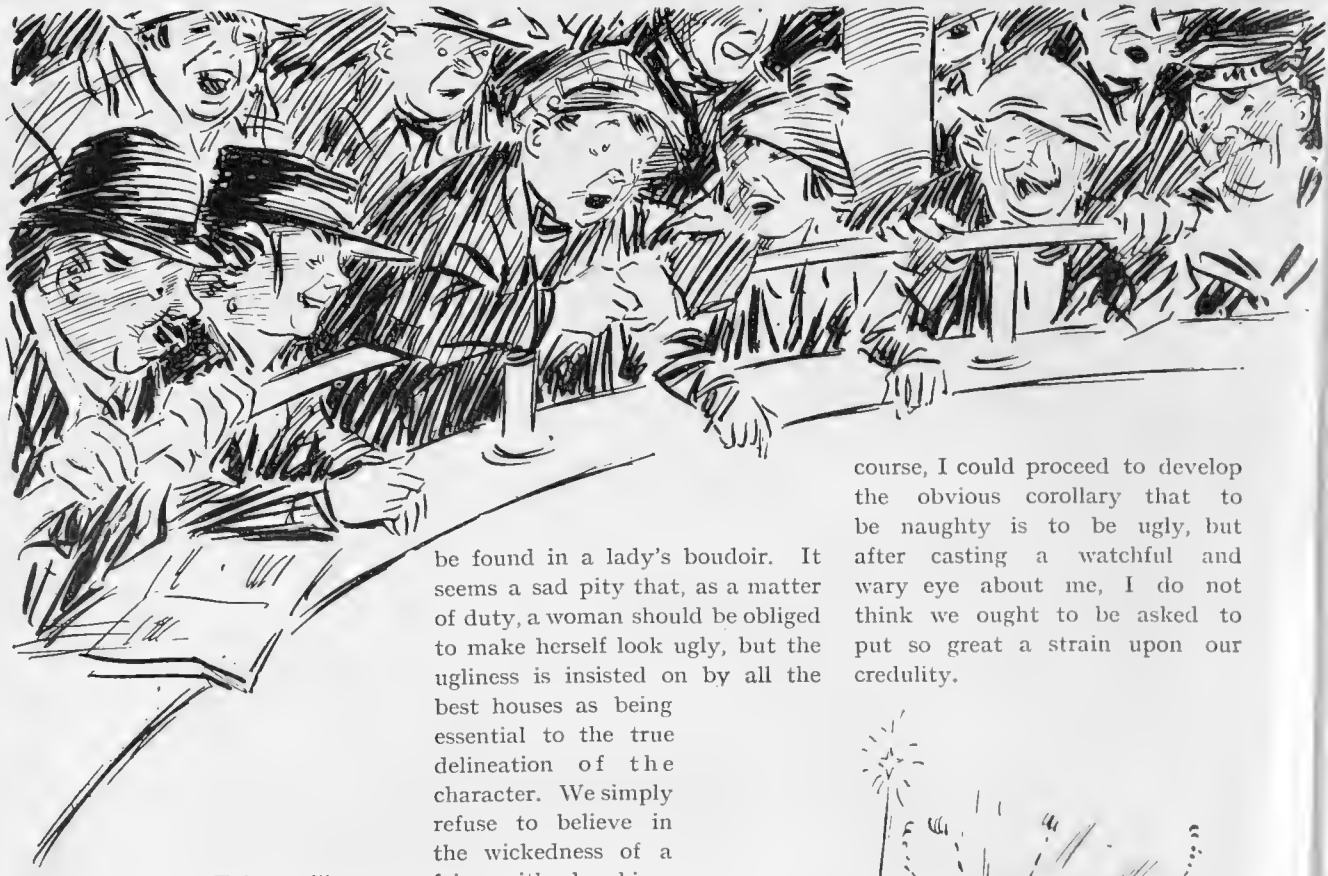
WHO'S GOING TO HAVE THIS BIRD?

Stage Fairies

BY "JINGLE"
ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

THE pantomime season will be upon us again soon now, and the fairies will be with us once more. Of recent years the idea has grown up that the fairy in pantomime is out of date, since children are born grown up to-day; and there are those who say that the pantomime fairy belongs to the era of the Transformation Scene and other gaudy atrocities of the pantos of our paters. But still more recently the claim has been made that fairies not only exist, but have been photographed, and this claim would seem to have given them a new lease of life. Psychic science is now prepared to demonstrate that by getting your aura attuned to the vibrations of the ether you can take quite a good photograph of something that isn't there, which it must be admitted is something of an achievement.

SO we may look with confidence, therefore, for the usual procession this season of Good Fairies and Wicked Fairies, though it would be rash to assume that they are as Wicked—or as Good! as they seem. The Good Fairy will be either a nice and very self-possessed little Girl from Madame Somebody's dancing school, or she will be a stately matron who stalks majestically about the stage with a cardboard star on the end of a stick, and talks in indifferent rhyme without showing as much as an ankle. The little-girl fairy usually appears trippingly round the corner, and after a few light fantastic steps of, say, the Spring Dance, warns the hero in a shrill treble that now is the time for him to crawl under the bed out of harm's way. The matronly fairy usually moralises a little, and will throw in a brief but homely sermon for the benefit of the young and green all included in the price of admission and the entertainment-tax. If, however, the box-office receipts do not thrive generously on a highly moral entertainment of this kind, something leggy is turned on instead, as, after all, the business of the caterer for public amusements is to give the public what the public want. And the day on which there will be any very noisy clamour for a speech in praise of the homelier virtues has not yet arrived. It has not indeed been signalled yet.



THE Wicked Fairy will probably be the first to go out of our lives. By tradition, she is both old and ugly, and both these qualities are now out of date among the fair sex, thanks mainly to an improved knowledge of cosmetics and the priceless art of Mr. Willie Clarkson. It is no use putting an old woman on the stage to amuse children who have never seen such a thing. Nowadays girls and their grandmothers look pretty much the same from behind; and if you peer into their faces you will probably consider that the girl looks—and probably is—very much the older of the two. But the place of the Wicked Fairy can almost always be quite suitably taken by a Demon. The Demon is usually a well-nourished foreigner with Mephistophelian whiskers and black tights, who springs up from below through a trap door, thus giving a clear and unmistakable hint of his port of embarcation, as you might say.

THE Wicked Fairy who annually predicts disaster for the Sleeping Beauty will probably always be represented by a woman, because it is not etiquette, even in pantomime, for a Demon to be found in a lady's boudoir. It seems a sad pity that, as a matter of duty, a woman should be obliged to make herself look ugly, but the ugliness is insisted on by all the best houses as being essential to the true delineation of the character. We simply refuse to believe in the wickedness of a fairy with laughing, rosy cheeks, and limbs with a high kick in them, any more than we can believe in the goodness of an elderly Fairy with a nut-cracker nose and chin. That is why, in the pantomime of Cinderella, the Fairy Godmother, who is old and plain, but very, very good, takes the first opportunity of transforming herself into a lovely girl with fluffy skirts and a diamond garter, to the loud and prolonged applause of the pit and gallery, who need must know the highest when they see it. The moral, therefore, to be drawn is that to be good is to be beautiful, and I respectfully, but not very hopefully, offer this old-fashioned cosmetic to the latter-day flapper. Of course, I could proceed to develop the obvious corollary that to be naughty is to be ugly, but after casting a watchful and wary eye about me, I do not think we ought to be asked to put so great a strain upon our credulity.

"The young fairy, full of romance"

"A pint of stout between acts"

SOME of our Good Fairies have been at the business for many years, so that it taxes the arts of the wig-maker and the complexion-fixer to keep them inside the twenty-five year old limit. A woman, they say, is as old as she looks, but appearances are proverbially deceptive. Fairies who pass the intervals pleasantly with a box of chocolates or a wedge of chewing-gum proclaim their youth to all whom it may concern. But the youth of the Fairy who strides off the stage and sinks into a chair, while somebody runs to fetch her a pint of stout, does credit only to the skill of her make-up. The young fairy, full of romance, fills up her time knitting stylish jumpers; but the not-so-young gets busy with a pair of roomy socks for the old man, because he suffers from cold feet at bed-time.

IT was a pleasing trait in the Fairies of old that they helped mortal men to grow rich. Nowadays, I understand they are apt to go to the other extreme. The burning question of the day, as to whether a Fairy is a material or an ethereal entity can be readily solved by asking one of them to supper. A Fairy that will begin with the oysters and work her way steadily through the menu to the *pêche Melba*, can hardly be as ethereal as she looks on the stage. Still, as some of the large-brained scientists are now trying to prove that spirit is matter, what's the matter with our Fairies, anyway?

JINGLE

IT is a pleasant fable among us that fairies exist only to amuse the children, the grown-ups having long since lost faith and interest in these stirring yarns of the nursery. As long as the fairies are denizens of the picture-book the fable may be justified, but once they have been translated to the limelight of the stage, they have an abiding interest for every grown man whose wife will let him have the opera-glass long enough. Strictly speaking, a Fairy, whether Good or Bad, should be invisible to mortal eyes; but the theatre that advertised invisible fairies in these knowing days, might as well, for all practical purposes, have an invisible pantomime as well. But even if visible, according to strict tradition the Fairy should be clad in gossamer. This, however, isn't done. The Lord Chamberlain sees to that.

"According to tradition the Fairy should be clad in gossamer. This, however, isn't done. The Lord Chamberlain sees to that"

Fancy Dress

Why does the Fat Romeo fellow always dance with a very Feathery Flapper?—

While this kind of fragile Bantam invariably selects the most Ample Lady in the room?

Why ever did She decide to be a Butterfly?

Seme Dance

Everybody knows that "Stunting" is absolutely "Barred" so why should this Prize Lunatic choose the moment of the entance of the Dean of Tooting for an exhibition of a Montmartre-cum-Soho Apache Spasm?—

And when this kind of ball-room why isn't

—FOR THE

Problems—

Or be a Gordon Highlander?

And is there any earthly reason why you should not be permitted to club, shoot or poison the Fishy-Eyed Blighter who barges in to claim his partner at the most Inopportune Moment?

Breezy Pestilence infests a he instantly Pole-Axed?

Wonder why it's always this kind of Girl who stands right under the Mistletoe?

And why, Oh! why! rash man! were you so foolhardy as to sit out two after-supper dances with the Fascinating Green-Eyed Widow?

BY A. K. MACDONALD

FESTIVE SEASON

A PRESENT FROM UNCLE

BY A. D. PETERS

Illustrated by
FRANK R. GREY

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when the world, and even a week's hunting and shooting, are thought well lost for a woman's smile. His friends said sadly that Maurice Earl had reached that tragic land-mark in his career. Why else should he elect to spend Christmas at Crowcombe Towers, two hundred miles from London, ten miles from the nearest town, where there was nothing to do and no one to do it with? It had been a cheery spot, admittedly, in old Colonel Wensley's time, but he was dead—killed by a fall from his horse at the opening meet of his own pack that autumn. Still, if Maurice chose to put in his Christmas with a sad-eyed girl and her mother in an empty house, they supposed it was no business of theirs.

Maurice agreed, and caught the 11.30 from Paddington two days before Christmas.

He was met at Crowcombe station by the old Colonel's coachman, who had kept pace with the times by learning to drive a car. But he performed this feat with care and difficulty, concentrating on his task so earnestly that Maurice found it impossible to get a word out of him all the way.

Consequently, Maurice was surprised, on entering the hall of The Towers, to be met by a lean, pale young man whom he had never seen in his life before. In the first place, he was not expecting to find any other visitors there. In the second, if he had been expecting to find any, this weird individual was not at all the sort that fitted into the scheme of things. He was the kind of young man you found in an office, perched, with arched back and sprawling elbows, on a high desk chair. With his blue serge suit, *pince-nez*, spotted bow tie, stiff collar, button boots and patent-leather hair, he had all the attributes of that estimable but undistinguished species of mankind which keeps books and dwells at Peckham.

While Maurice was asking himself how this strange figure of fun had got there a bony hand was stretched out towards him, and a voice said:

"Mr. Earl, I presume? Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

The tone was by no means cordial.

"How do you do?" muttered Maurice.

"My name is Parker."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice.

"Colonel Wensley was my uncle. You knew him, I fancy?"

"Your uncle, did you say?" Maurice asked, unable to conceal his surprise.

"Well, a sort of uncle, anyway. Second-hand, as you might say."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice again, still mystified. He had never heard of that kind of relationship before.

Further explanation was interrupted by a voice from the stairs.

"Hullo, Maurice."

Sylvia Boyd, dressed in a simple black frock, which enhanced the beauty of her auburn hair, stood smiling above them. Before she was half way down Maurice had reached and was holding her hand in his. As a matter of cold fact, he was hurting it, but he did not know that.

"It's awfully sweet of you to come, Maurice."

"After asking myself down. I like that, Sylvia."

This bit of news was greeted by Mr. Parker, standing in the hall, with a scowl.

"What an awful little liar you are, Maurice," said Sylvia. "By the way, have you met . . .?" Her eyes indicated the object of her question.

"Oh, yes."

"Splendid," she said, without enthusiasm. "You've been put in the same old room. You know the way?"

"Rather."

Alone in his room Maurice sat down and tried to sort things out, but beyond coming very quickly and easily to the conclusion that he did not like Mr. Parker, he failed to reach any results. A picture

which had impressed itself on his mind as he had looked back into the hall from the top of the staircase came back to him. He had seen Sylvia descending the stairs slowly, almost reluctantly, he had thought, while Parker stood with his hands in his pockets eyeing the girl with something very like a proprietorial air. Rot, of course. Whoever he was, it would be absurd to regard him as a rival. The puzzle was to know what he was doing in the place at all. He'd find out from Sylvia before the day was out.

But he soon discovered that it was extremely difficult to get Sylvia alone, even for a moment. Mr. Parker hung around her with what is sometimes described as dog-like devotion. Maurice called it something quite different, and by the time dinner came along he had worked up a stronger hatred of him than he had ever felt before towards anything in the wide world.

Sylvia made a courageous attempt to dispel the gloom, but you could feel that her heart was not in the work. Her mother, whom Maurice had never met before, scorned pretence. Having apparently satisfied herself that she had very good cause for feeling miserable, she settled down to it in a businesslike way and seemed to find the same savage pleasure in it that one gets from biting on an aching tooth. Mr. Parker alone was himself, and that fact was sufficient to extinguish any spark of brightness which Maurice might have been capable of calling forth. The fellow was not merely a fish out of water, Maurice decided; he was by nature a clammy, wet, unpleasant fish. He would have been an outsider anywhere.

After dinner he continued to talk a lot and to behave in general as if he owned the place. It was impossible to get away from him. Where Sylvia went, he went also. Eventually they gave up the hopeless task, and sat meekly in the drawing-room while he gave a comprehensive survey of the relative merits of Margate, Hastings, and Brighton as holiday resorts, and explained exactly why Association football was infinitely superior as a pastime to foxhunting. At last his eloquence failed him for a moment, and he got up and began to examine the pictures, hoping to find famous signatures upon them. Sylvia seized the opportunity, and whispered to Maurice:

"Come to my little sitting-room later on."

Then she withdrew, and very soon afterwards Maurice went, too, pleading that he was tired after his journey.

He knocked on the door of Sylvia's room with the air of a conspirator. Sylvia seemed nervous as she opened it.

"Isn't this what novelists describe as a clandestine meeting?" she asked.

The hint was too subtle. Maurice put his arms round her and drew her towards him.

"No, Maurice," she said, gently, "please."

He let her go.

"Sylvia . . . darling," he began slowly, "I want to talk to you. I . . ."

"I know," she interrupted, quickly, "we haven't had a moment all day. But it's me first. I want to explain. . . ."

"Never mind about that," he broke in, impetuously. "It can wait. Mine can't. I've been wanting to say it from the minute I arrived, but that horrid Parker fellow. . . ." He checked himself hastily. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. I suppose I shouldn't have called him that."

"Why not?"

"Well, after all, he's a cousin of yours, though Heaven knows nobody would ever believe it."

"He isn't."

"Your guest, then. That's worse."

"He isn't. I'm his."

Maurice stared at her, perplexed.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You see, Maurice," she said, quietly, "you'd much better let me talk first. The fact is that Mr. Parker is not related to me because I am not related to Colonel Wensley."

"Not related? I thought he was your uncle."

"I called him that, but he wasn't."

"But you've lived here all your life."

"Ever since I was seven. You see,

(Continued on page 49)

"A lean, pale young man whom he had never seen in his life before"

A Christmas Jungle Sale

BY H. M. BATEMAN

"I'm—ah—thinking of—ah—taking up big game shooting, and I—ah—"
"Certainly, Sir, LIONS—forward!"

"A PRESENT FROM UNCLE" (continued)

my father died when I was six—killed on the Indian frontier. He was Colonel Wensley's best friend. My mother had nothing but the pension, so Colonel Wensley offered to look after me. I believe he was in love with mother. . . ."

"If she was anything like you are now, I'm not surprised," interposed Maurice.

"Anyway, if he did propose she refused him and came to England with me. His father died about the same time, and he retired and came home. Mother couldn't afford to look after me alone, and he helped. When I left school I lived here most of the time, as you know."

"And this fellow, Parker?" asked Maurice, perplexed.

"He's the heir. He's a very distant relation. The Colonel's uncle married twice. The second wife was—well . . . a barmaid, I believe. This Parker is a son of her daughter. He's the only person in the world with any Wensley blood in him."

"Do you mean to say,' asked Maurice, "that this outsider inherits the place?"

"Everything."

"Why? Wasn't there a will?"

"No," replied Sylvia, sadly. "You know, Maurice, there are an awful lot of people who think that signing a will is the same as signing a death-warrant. I know uncle wanted to leave me everything. He'd said so. He'd never even heard of this man Parker. But he was killed suddenly in a hunting accident, as you know. He was funny in some ways, and awfully obstinate. I expect he had made up his mind to dictate his will on his death-bed."

"Lord," exclaimed Maurice, "what a damned shame!"

"It's just bad luck," said Sylvia, bravely, "but it can't be helped. Mother and I will leave directly after Christmas."

"And that—that outsider stays. Jove! I hope he finds the threepenny bit in the pudding and chokes himself."

Sylvia laughed.

"He thinks he's going to find the ring."

"What!"

She nodded.

"Obvious, isn't it? Heroine without a bean. Weeps at the thought of leaving the old home. Enter rich hero. 'Be mine,' he cries. Our Mr. Parker thinks he is made for the part."

"The struggle was short and one-sided"

"I'd like to be there to hear you answer him," said Maurice, grimly. "But," he added, "I shan't, because he never will. Sylvia. . . ."

She rose quickly.

"Maurice, please don't say any more," she implored.

"Why not?" he persisted. "You know. . . ."

"Not now, not now," she begged. "We're not children, Maurice. We can both see that this may make a difference. At any rate," she went on quickly, observing that he was about to protest, "I want to be sure that we *have* thought things over. I want you to promise me, Maurice, not to say another word about all this until after Christmas. Will you?"

"If you like," he conceded, reluctantly.

"And if you don't say anything I shall understand. I shall, really. Good-night, Maurice."

"Good-night, Sylvia." Then he added, putting into it all the weight of meaning that the word can carry, "Darling."

She smiled and blew him a kiss.

Philosophers have declared that other things being equal a wife with money is preferable to a wife without. Maurice agreed, but though he knew the statement to be true, he did not find it very helpful in the present case. He had the moral courage to face the facts. Love in a cottage glowed with romance, but, as a rule, it did not wear well. As a barrister waiting for briefs, love in a cottage was all he could offer Sylvia for some years to come. Well, if she was willing to risk it, he was. There are exceptions to every law. They could arrange to be one of them. If not, would she wait for him until people started talking about him as a prospective K.C.? It rested with her to decide. Meanwhile, he was very much afraid that Christmas was not going to be a particularly sparkling feast as far as he was concerned.

This opinion strengthened into certainty when he came down next morning and found Mr. Parker seated alone at breakfast.

"Morning, Mr. Earl," said that gentleman, looking up at him over a brimming tea cup. "Sylvia has sent word to say that she is not coming down, and her mother never does."

"Sylvia," indeed! For one terrible instant Maurice was seized with a desire to hurl the poached egg to which he was helping himself into the fellow's ugly face.

"A PRESENT FROM UNCLE" (*concluded*)

Mr. Parker, unconscious of his peril, emptied his cup with a series of loud gulps, and lifted up his voice again.

"Did you have a pleasant confab with her last night? Oh, you needn't stare like that. I happened to hear your voices as I was passing her room. I suppose she told you how things stand here?"

"I expect you know what she said," replied Maurice, coldly.

"I can guess," replied the other, allowing the innuendo to pass unchallenged. "Bad luck for Sylvia. Heiress to beggar-girl all in a jiffy. Good plot for a novel, eh?"

"I don't read that type of fiction."

"P'raps not. But this is fact, you see." Mr. Parker smiled as though he were setting himself to exasperate his unbidden guest. "And there's always a way out of all little set-backs like this, isn't there, Mr. Earl?"

Maurice looked up and met the other's gaze. Both realised, in that moment, that they understood each other. But Maurice understood Sylvia as well. Mr. Parker evidently did not.

"Otherwise," went on the heir to Crowcombe Towers slowly, between mouthfuls of toast and marmalade, "I shall sell up this place. Country life doesn't suit me. Too dead and alive. I shall buy a place in London. Of course, I shall do that either way. There is plenty of the ready, besides property."

A feeling suddenly came over Maurice that he could not eat any more breakfast in Mr. Parker's company if his life depended upon it. He rose and went out without a word. In the hall he met Sylvia.

"Come for a walk, for God's sake," he said.

She looked at the driving rain.

"Wait while I get a mac.," she replied.

"Going for a walk?" asked Mr. Parker, who had come out on hearing their voices. "You'll get soaked. Still, I think I'll come, too. It'll give me an appetite for lunch."

Afternoon came, and the rain was still beating down as if it would never stop. Mr. Parker suggested a game of billiards. Upon receiving Maurice's refusal he declared that he would take forty winks in front of the drawing-room fire. He did not want to risk the cold getting into his bones from the morning's walk, he declared.

"We breathe again, Sylvia," said Maurice. "Let's do something."

"Right-oh! But what?"

"I don't know. I want to knock something about."

"I know," said Sylvia, seizing a bag of golf clubs which were standing in the lobby. "Let's practice mashie shots into a waste-paper basket."

"Good idea. Here you are." Maurice placed the basket in a corner, near a narrow-necked blue vase standing on a pedestal. "This will give us a good clear range."

"No, not there," said Sylvia. "We might hit that vase. I believe it's valuable. It used to be the apple of Uncle's eye."

"I shouldn't care if we did smash it," muttered Maurice. But he moved the basket, and the game began.

"You go," said Maurice, placing a ball on the rug. "Best of six wins the prize."

Golf balls, small though they are, can make a lot of noise when they bounce on a parquet floor and ricochet off wooden panelling. Add to that the laughter and the friendly little squabbles of the two players, and it becomes not at all surprising that Mr. Parker's forty winks were never finished. Perhaps he was awakened from a particularly entrancing dream. Perhaps he merely held that golf was not a seemly indoor game. Be that as it may, he appeared very soon at the door of the drawing-room and surveyed the scene with a look of the sternest disapproval.

"What do you think you are doing?" he demanded, harshly.

Maurice, who was addressing his fifth ball, having already steered four safely into their haven, took no notice. A neat flick of his wrist and the ball went sailing sweetly towards the basket. But its elevation was a trifle high. It hit the wainscotting and bounced back gently across the floor.

"Be careful, you ass!" shouted Mr. Parker. "Sylvia, I should have thought *you* would know better, at any rate."

Maurice at best of times was never noted for keeping his temper under control. At this moment he felt he could have murdered Mr. Parker and gone to the scaffold with a glad heart. What did the fellow mean by talking to Sylvia as though she were a servant?

Deliberately, and with intent to annoy, Maurice addressed his last ball.

"Stop it, I say," shouted Mr. Parker, infuriated more than ever by the other's silence. "You'll break something."

Recounting the incident afterwards, Maurice declared that at this point he saw red. If he did, it did not prevent him from taking rapid aim at the first breakable thing that caught his eye. He let drive with all his might. The ball whizzed through the air at lightning speed and took the precious slender vase near its base with a pleasant "ping," shattering it. The upper part toppled from its pedestal and crashed to the floor.

"Damn you!" shouted Parker, dashing forward and surveying the ruin. "You did that on purpose, you blackguard!" Dramatically he pointed with accusing finger at the *débris* on the floor. Then his gaze was held by something. He looked more closely, and, bending down quickly, picked up a piece of paper from among the fragments.

"What on earth . . ." he began.

Then he checked himself quickly, and thrust the paper into his pocket, turning a white face to Maurice as he did so.

"What's that you've found?" demanded Maurice.

"Mind your own business!" replied Parker, strangely subdued in manner, beginning to walk towards the drawing-room door.

"I want to see it," shouted Maurice, a vague suspicion leaping to his mind.

The other man made no reply, and in a flash, Maurice, casting discretion to the winds, was upon him. The struggle was short and one-sided.

Maurice, rising from the prostrate form of Mr. Parker, gave a hurried look at the paper he had taken from him. It was in old Colonel Wensley's stiff hand-writing. He read the first seven words: "This is the last Will and Testament. . . ."

"I think, Sylvia," he said, quietly, holding out the paper to her, "that you had better take this. I don't quite trust our young friend. The fire is so very handy."

A. D. PETERS

L'ANGORA *BY JEAN HARDY*

PUSSY cat! Pussy cat! Li
I pray!
Your lady is swee[t] th[e]
the shay.
Her skin is so soft [and] h[er]
so blue!
That's why, pussy [cat], I am
you.

UN CŒUR G

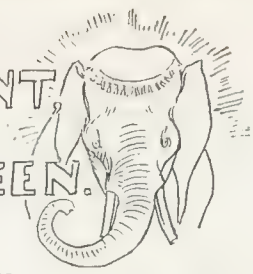
GENEREUX

COLUMBINE AND

DRY POINTS
BY
JEAN HARDY

HARLEQUIN

An Empress, an Elephant and a Fairy Queen.



A True Story in Black and White

BY HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR

YEARS ago, a great showman went to Burmah. He missed the sunshine and the colour, and his ears were deaf to the music of a foreign clime. You see, he saw for the first time a sacred white elephant, and, a showman always, he wanted to buy one for the circus.

He learned, unfortunately, that sacred white elephants were really very sacred, although they were not very white, but only a muddy grey. So sacred were they, in fact, in spite of their absence of real whiteness, that they could not leave Burmah.

So, going up to a priest in charge of one of the sacred half-white elephants, he said, "I know your elephants are very sacred. But if you and the other priests in charge of one of them will bring one to London, I will show you the Great White Queen."

Gold would not have bought the elephantine sanctity. But this bribe was too high to refuse.

So he was allowed to bring to London the sacred white elephant, with its attendant priests, and the sacred white elephant took its part in his wonderful show. But, as I have said, sacred white elephants are not really white, and the showman knew that white elephants should be whiter than they really are, or the public would not believe them.

So, therefore, although he had really got a real white elephant, although it was not really white, he had it whitewashed every morning before the show, and every evening before the second show, although he could have done this with an ordinary black elephant, at much less cost.

"He had it whitewashed every morning before the show"

So the real white elephant, with real whitewash on, was shown twice a day to the excitement of the multitude.

But, after six months or so, the priests demanded that the bargain should be kept. They had brought the white elephant across "the black water," as they called it, on condition that they saw the Great White Queen.

So, choosing a day when Queen Victoria was driving through Hyde Park, the showman took the six priests in charge of the sacred white elephant through the Marble Arch, and pointed out a simple woman, with a white parasol, driving in an ordinary victoria, drawn by ordinary black horses.

"There," he said, "is the Great White Queen."

"No, that is not the Great White Queen," said the six priests. "That is only a woman."

So the showman, being a showman, who knew all about shows, and glory, and all that sort of thing, took the six priests to the pantomime at Drury Lane.

They bored themselves to tears while Dan Leno made faces and Herbert Campbell stood fattily around.

They listened, unhearing, while Jimmy Glover's music was played, and they were bored, almost

"There is the Great White Queen"

stiff, into Oriental stiffness, while the usual tricks were gone through, and the grimaces were made and the curtain went up and down.

Then, right at the end, came the transformation scene—a scene in which, as usual, Arthur Collins, another great showman, had taken a small girl and given her a stick with a star at the end, and surrounded her with fake roses and silly tinsel, and all the artless glamour of the stage.

Small girls came in on tip-toe, and pirouetted. And, after that, the colours changed as the limelight played upon the small girls, the big girls, and the bigger girls, who followed after. The limelight was white, and brown, and blue, and red, and green, in turn.

Finally, right at the end, when the supreme art of the showman had reached its climax in the centre there sat the small figure of wondrous, but made-up, female beauty, the fairy queen—the symbol and the centre and the pinnacle of all the art of Pantomime. I suppose she got £20 a week, this girl around whom all this glory was.

But the showman knew his job. He turned to the priests in the box which he had taken, and he said, "There is the Great White Queen."

This time they believed. For was not glory there? And they knelt down in the box and worshipped her. The showman had fulfilled his contract.

Meanwhile, in the circus, the white elephant was being whitewashed for the evening's performance.

As I have said, it might have been black all the time, for the whitewash would have done the trick. Well, even whitewash has got to be really white, or it matters not. I know, because, being a writer by profession, I am in the whitewash trade. HANNEN SWAFFER

"SAY 99!" By GRAHAM SIMMONS

The doctor had been told by his wife to select a good sound bird

What the Editor Has to Put up With!

THE SORT OF PICTURE THAT NEVER APPEARS IN THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL

BY ALBERT BAILEY

MISS BAIRFAX: "I reckon all this snow you've put in ought to get me into the Christmas Number, Mr. Bailey, don't you?"

A Turkey

THE LATEST CHRISTMAS FAMILY GLIDERS FITTED WITH LISTENING.

Glide

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

AN EQUIPMENT FOR HEARING DUTCH CONCERTS DURING DINNER

BAITED

BY ANNE ROCHESTER

THROUGH THE WINDOW

A Christmas Story for Children and Adults by Rita Strauss

"I WONDER if he will come?" thought Rex.

It was Christmas Eve—a real frosty Christmassy Christmas Eve, yet Rex was sitting near the open French windows of his mother's boudoir, looking anxiously out on to the terrace. A story book was resting on his knees.

Eagerly he scanned the snow-covered garden with wide, serious-looking brown eyes. Then, with a sigh of disappointment, bent his curly head over the pages of his book once more. He was a mite of seven, and very serious. By the time he was five he had been able to read and spell correctly. He had spent most of his time reading ever since.

In the story book on his knees he had just been reading the true story of Santa Claus. It was a book translated from the Russian, and it told how one winter's night, passing by the open window of a house, the *real* Santa Claus heard three maidens of noble birth complain that they were so poor they would have to beg their bread in the streets.

He read how the real Santa Claus was fearfully upset at the idea of these poor girls having to beg, so he straight away went home to fetch a bar of pure gold, and, returning to their house, threw it into them through the open window.

"And he did the same three nights running," read out Rex, aloud, "throwing a bar of gold in through the open window each night. And on the third night he was discovered. And every year he usually sends Christmas presents through the window to good boys and girls since that day."

"I wonder what made people think Santa Claus comes down the chimney?" puzzled Rex, presently. "Mummie always tells me he comes down the chimney. But 'Bobbles' never did. 'Bobbles' believes with me that he comes through the window. He told me so before he went away. I do wish 'Bobbles' would come back!"

"Why, what are you doing here, Rex, with the window wide open, and freezing hard, too? You will catch your

(*Continued on page 62*)

Decorations by Charles Robinson

"Eagerly Rex scanned the snow-covered garden with large, serious-looking brown eyes"

THE MASK

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"THROUGH THE WINDOW" (*concluded*)

death of cold!" exclaimed a rather impatient voice, as its owner, an expensively gowned and exquisitely pretty woman flounced into the room, and, hurrying to the window, began to close it.

"Oh, please, mummie, don't—please don't!" pleaded Rex. "If you shut the window Santa Claus won't be able to come in."

"Won't be able to come in! What's the child talking about?" said Nina Radley, pettishly, "Santa Claus *never* comes through the window; he comes down the chimney when little boys are asleep. Didn't you know?"

Rex looked at his mother, a pitying expression in his brown eyes.

"I never thought *you* believed that old tale, mummie," he said, scornfully, "I thought that only children of five and six believed in it. Didn't you know that Santa Claus *really comes through the window?* 'Bobbles' knows all about it. It was 'Bobbles' who first told me before he went away. Oh, mummie! *do tell* me. Is 'Bobbles' ever coming back?"

The brown eyes were gazing now intently into the blue ones with a "You must tell me" expression, which was, to say the least of it, disconcerting. His mother shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"I really can't tell you that, Rex, dear," she answered, impatiently. "Ask Santa Claus. Perhaps he will know. But if you *must* sit by the open window, put your coat on at least."

And she rang the bell for nurse to fetch a coat with which to cover her small son's shoulders. Then, with rather weary footsteps, made her way upstairs to her room.

"Why should I feel tired so suddenly?" she thought. "That dance-tea was topping. Bruce Fenton is the best dancer I have ever known. He is taking me out for a dance on Bank Holiday, too. Rather a nuisance it is the day of Rex's party. Still, Rex is such a little man of the world he will be able to entertain his friends himself."

Smoking a cigarette in front of her cosy fire, her mind harked back to Rex's question. "When would 'Bobbles' come back?" he had asked.

"Bobbles" was her husband, and Rex's father. Rex, for some unknown reason, had always called him "Bobbles." How the child loved his father! He loved him better than ever he had loved her, she felt, with a slightly jealous pang. Really, it was over Rex that she and "Bobbles" had quarrelled in the end.

"Bobbles" wanted his wife to be more with the child, to give up some of her dances and spend more of her time at home. Nina had retorted that an earl's daughter had a position to keep up, even although she *had* married a commoner, and that she was going to keep it up, whatever he said against it. Followed a quarrel so acrimonious that by mutual consent they had separated, and Nina had plunged more than ever into a wild vortex of gaiety, leaving her small son more and more alone.

"Smoking a cigarette in front of her cosy fire, her mind harked back to Rex's question, 'When would Bobbles come back?'"

Was she wrong, after all?—and was "Bobbles" right?

Suddenly, she felt strangely old and tired. Rex's serious eyes haunted her, Rex's voice asking for "Bobbles" rang in her ears.

"Ah, well, if I *have* made a hash of things, it can't be helped," she said at last, throwing away the end of her cigarette. "Anyway, I will give the child a decent Christmas. Come to think of it, I have forgotten all about his Christmas present. I suppose I *am* a careless parent. I'll 'phone through to 'Garrod's' straight away and order the most expensive toy motor-car that ever was to be sent down by messenger at once."

Her 'phoning done, she went downstairs again to seek out her small son and spend an hour with him before bedtime. That queer heartache she had felt before she felt again as she drew near the boudoir door. Was it possible, she thought, that she really missed "Bobbles"?—that she wanted him home again.

She opened the door, and as she did so the tones of a well-known voice sent the colour from her cheeks. How fanciful she had grown! For a moment she had imagined she heard "Bobbles" speaking. It was Rex's voice she heard now—a voice shrill with excitement and joy.

"Oh, mummie! mummie!" he exclaimed, "Santa Claus has sent me a present, and it has come through the window and *not* down the chimney, just as I said Come to think of it, 'Bobbles' *would* have looked rather foolish coming down the chimney, wouldn't he?"

Nina drew back a step as she realised it had not been fancy. The voice she had heard had been the voice of her husband, and her heart went out to the tall, somewhat clumsily built man who stood there before her, a *cum*-apologetic-*cum*-sheepish look on his face.

"Do you want me to go away again, Nina?" he asked, in a half-whisper, as he advanced towards her.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she exclaimed, happily, her arms round his neck, her sunny head resting on his broad shoulder. "Besides, you mustn't forget you're Rex's 'through the window' Christmas present. If you went away whatever would Rex and Rex's Santa Claus say?"

RITA STRAUSS

Downside Up!

BY JACK GORDGE

THE AUTOCRAT: "Mark my words young woman, no good never did come of downstairs running upstairs down"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY HELEN McKIE

XMAS CRACKERS

A is an aunt (very rich and unpleasant)
Who gives you a lecture instead of a present.

B is a "beano," a "burst," or a "binge"
(Next morning the world wears a bilious tinge!)

C is cacophony certain to trouble you—
For further particulars kindly see "W."

D is a damsel who dawdles and hesitates
Near the oases where mistletoe vegetates.

E is the enterprise shown by your son—
A perfect young devil for "taking the bun."

F is the frost that is bound to occur
Unless you buy something expensive for HER.

G is the ghost which infests your baronial
Hall for the season with quaint ceremonial.

H is the holly festooning Old Masters. . .
(It's trifles like these that get rid of piastres!)

I is the ice where you gracefully skate
Until you find out it won't bear you . . . too late!

J is for jeers when, with frantic and fickle toe,
Grandfather Brown puts new steps in the "tickle-toe."

K is the Karoll of Krissmuss . . . (fastidious
Critics assert that it makes the night hideous!)

L is the lot of that pearl among men
Who writes to the papers as "Father of Ten."

M is the mistletoe—under its auspices
Strong silent men on weak womankind force kisses.

N is the nausea rife in the nursery—
A common complaint and exceedingly cursory.

O is the orgy of shopping—depend it your
Banker will duly record this expenditure!

P is the proof of the pudding . . . (a touch of it
Does one no harm, but beware of too much of it!)

Q is the qualm, the sensation, the rummy ache,
Felt after "P"—to be frank, it is violent dyspepsia!

R is a rift in the lute I resent;
The landlord's reminder respecting the rent.

S is a stocking without any leg in it—
Rich uncles object when they find a bad egg in it!

T is the tipping you do without reason
(But not without rhyme) at this jovial season.

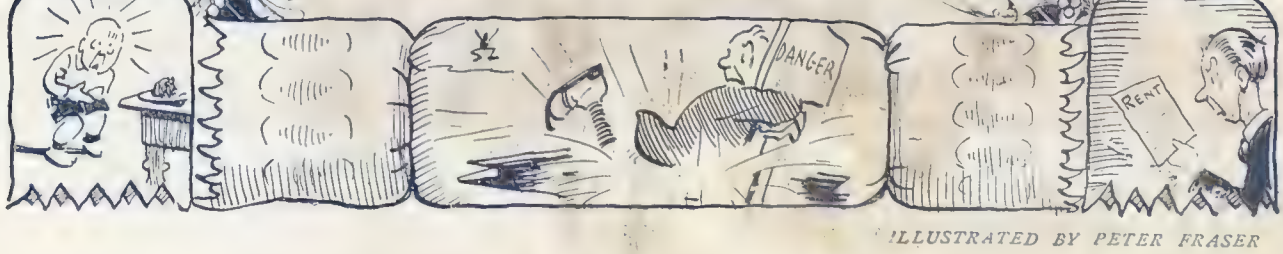
U is the upshot of Christmassy happiness—
Dearth, indigestion, suggestions of snappiness!

V is a vatful of VIN (very red!)
Designed to wash down an appropriate spread.

W—WAITS! . . . both the bass and soprano
Would be more simpatico much more piano!

(**X, Y,** and **Z** is the point alphabetical
When authors and artists become apathetical!)

E. L. ROBERTS.



ILLUSTRATED BY PETER FRASER

Hello, Christmas!

Photograph *Athole Murray*

SKI-S ON VELVET

The Nice Little Article

BY RALPH STRAUS

Do, please, forgive what follows.

You see, the Editor, who is quite a nice man in his way, has just rung me up on the telephone.

"Oh, send me a nice little article for the Christmas Annual, will you?" said he. "Send it at once, as I have had a disappointment. I had asked Lord Burslem to write about the House of Lords' Kitchens at Christmas, and he has been taken suddenly ill after lunching there. But you—well, I want just a nice little article, and I want it at once. I tell you what I'll do. I'll send a messenger right away to get it. He'll reach you by five, and that'll give you more than half an hour."

"But I've never been to the House of Lords' Kitchens in my life,"

"No, no, no. I want just a nice little article of your own."

"What about?"

Here, I admit, I made a slight error in tactics. You should never speak to editors in that way: they don't like it. I ought to have said, "Yes," and rung off at once, just to show him that busy men like myself can't be expected to waste much of their time at the telephone. As it was, I was made fully aware that if I didn't wish to work for the paper I needn't. (Which is not at all the sort of thing one wants to hear in these highly taxed days.)

"'How You Spend Your Christmas,'" snapped the Editor. "'Chestnuts.' 'Curious Christmas Customs You Know.' Anything, you fool, that comes into your head."

. . . . . .

Very well, then, I am to compose a nice little article, and I have thirty-two minutes in which to do it. Surely nothing is easier. I must amuse my readers, of course, and make them wonder what is coming next, and perhaps give them a bit of a surprise at the end. Just a nice little article about—well, let me see. What had I better give them this year? Something with a Christmassy flavour about it, but what? Chestnuts? Yes, doesn't one roast them at Christmas? Or am I thinking of Snapdragon, that ridiculous game in which you pull raisins out of a soup-plate of burning brandy? (Such a waste of good spirits, too!) On second thoughts, however, chestnuts won't do. I see now that the Editor was being sarcastic. I must think of something quite new.

Right. . . .

Er—now what was it he said to me when last I was dining with—when last we were dining together? Oh, yes. He was telling me, editorially, how the thing should be done. I remember perfectly well. He said:

"A short article must be bright and amusing *and* it must have an idea."

Good. Then all I have got to do is to decide on the idea. Nothing easier. Just an idea.

An id——

I must have had hundreds of ideas during the last few days. In fact, without being unduly conceited, I think I may say—in fact, I do say here and now—that I am a singularly inventive man, almost a man of inspiration. I mean—the most astonishingly clever ideas are constantly passing through my mind. Some are quite brilliant. I don't mean to say, of course, that they are all suitable for a Christmas Annual, but a large number of them are. Singularly brilliant ideas, if you know what I mean. The Editor, of course, would never have rung me up in this way, and offered to send a special messenger just on my account, if he didn't consider my ideas very good. It stands to reason.

Yes, I like the Editor. I think highly of him. I shall ask him to dinner—one of these days. . . .

So that all I have to do is to write a short article about any idea I may choose, and the thing is done.

Then I had better make my choice at once.

Now let me see. He wants a nice little article that will amuse his readers. They are to turn to my contribution when they have exhausted—I mean, when they have examined the more important features, just to carry them on for a while. A sort of little drink during the interval. Yes. Any little idea which will bring a smile to their lips, and make them determine to read me on the next occasion when Lord Burslem—when the Editor asks me to write him an article. [By no means a certainty.—Ed.]

H'm, well. Any old idea—I mean any new idea will do. Something Christmassy. I must think for a moment or two. I always have to think for a few moments before I write an article. I have to *collect* my ideas, as it were. A nice little article. Yes, well, why not—er. . . . It won't take me five minutes to fix on my idea. It's only a matter of *selection*.

Careful selection, you understand

A nice little art——

Heavens! There's a knock at the front door. Conf——

. . . . . .

No time for an idea, I'm afraid; but the other features this year are even better than usual.

So perhaps——

WILL POWER By Joe Lee

Friend: "I see your wife has a will of her own, old man!"
Much-married: "Yes, and I'm the sole beneficiary!"

DIFFERENT DRUMMERS.

By Marjorie Bowen.

Illustrated by FLEMING WILLIAMS

"If a man does not keep pace with his companion, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."—THOREAU.

THE big limousine drew up at the side of the low churchyard wall, a woman alighted wrapped in smoky blue black furs and ash-coloured veils; she stood by the old lych-gate, gazing at the graves.

Behind the squat Norman church, the winter sky, hard blue, massed with snow clouds, showed light without radiance; two days' old snow lay hard in the corners of the wall and at the bottom of the headstones.

A man also descended from the limousine, which drove away.

There was no one about but these two, standing by the churchyard; the pale sun that had no warmth and the faint shadow tracery from the leafless trees was over them.

"Why have you brought me here?" asked Miss Considine. "In the hope that change of scene would make me change my mood?"

"Is it forbidden to try to make you change your mind—not your mood?" he asked, handsome, ruddy, self-assured in his youth and health, but diffident in the presence of the beloved he could not win.

"Not my mind, nor my mood, *but my heart*, Harry, dear."

She opened the lych-gate.

"This is where some of my mother's people are buried, isn't it? I have always been too busy to come," she said, simply. "Graves don't frighten me, but they don't interest me, either."

"Come and see these, though, there's a story, too—you must—you promised me to-day," he said, encouragingly.

"Only to-day," she warned him, "because it is Christmas Day, and—don't look sentimental; I wasn't thinking of *anything like that* . . . only there is nothing better to do."

They walked together along the rounded red brick path, where the yew trees cast a black shade intermittently.

"That is what I am good for—to fill up half a day when you have *nothing better to do!*" he said, rather sadly.

"No," said Miss Considine, gravely, "the house-party is rather dull—and I like you—and I'm *sorry*, for I'm going away in two days, and that is why I came."

"I wish you could understand me," he said, desperately. "You don't—you don't trouble to——"

She turned her lovely face, so modern and yet so eternal in its delicate, serene, exquisiteness, towards him, and her dark blue eyes were very serious.

"I *can't*," she said. "And you can't understand me—you know what Thoreau says? About the different drummers? Yours and mine beat such a different measure!"

"They don't really—I could make you happy——"

"Marching in *your* time?" she interrupted, "you couldn't!"

They were walking round the heavy buttresses of the little church, the ends of her furs trailed on the brick path, and the ends of her veil fluttered against the grey masonry.

"You beat me with words," said the young man, doggedly, "feminine quips! I can't argue. I think there is only one drummer really—just the beat of the universe. I love you. Don't despise it too much."

Despite herself she was stirred, almost thrilled; she liked him so much—so much better than any of the others; and he offered a great deal.

But not enough for a woman like Marianne Considine; she was beautiful, young, and wealthy—spoilt, perhaps, and very modern, and, above everything, a great singer; she had made her *début* last season, and had at once joined the immortal group of *prima donnas*, a "lyric soprano," another Guilia Grisi—the world, quite literally, at her feet—could she even consider giving this up even to become the wife of such a dear friend, such

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a fine man, as Harry Dobree? For his drummer beat to a very definite march—if she married she must not sing in public—and there were other restrictions, limitations, ah! she knew—men were all "old-fashioned" when they fell in love.

Still she was sorry—she was sailing for New York with the New Year; she was leaving this house-party, where she was being lionised, in two days, all full with local festivities; she resolved to give him his afternoon and be gracious about it.

So she took that easy and charming feminine refuge, a pretty laugh, and asked him to find the tombs of her ancestors—"De Coucy," she smiled, "*really* like a novelette——"

"Strange you never came here before," he said, sombrely.

She did not think it was; she had been brought up in Paris, and her life had been very full, very brilliant, very industrious; she had always "meant" to come, and that was why she had accepted an otherwise not very attractive offer to Graylings Manor, and why she had asked, in her gentle, yet autocratic, way, an invitation for Harry.

"I thought I would like to come here first with you," she said. "You resemble—a De Coucy—I think! Something mediæval and serious."

Yet she had left their expedition entirely in his hands, refusing to give a preference, pretending that, after all, she did not want to go to the graveyard, and asking, when they arrived, "Why did you bring me here?"

She was that kind of woman, full of soft caprices and changing humours.

A robin hopped before them along the slanting graves, keeping ever that pace in front as if it led them, then pausing by a great tree of holly which stood stiffly like a sentinel over a plain stone of decent simplicity, on which was one word and one date:

"Grace"

1780.

Marianne Considine smiled tenderly.

"Is it a name? A prayer? Written in the certainty of grace or the hope of it? Look at the robin, Harry, and the holly tree!"

"Come into the church," he said.

They entered by the sunken door into the dark and beautiful interior.

Through the still gloom showed the white, red, and green of the Christmas wreaths, the outlines of the heavy squat pillars and low arches; every stone beneath their feet showed a coat-of-arms.

In the chancel were several fair and costly monuments, dimmed by damp and polished by time, on which lay warriors and ladies, with dogs and cushions, and kneeling

"Is it a name? A prayer?"

"*DIFFERENT DRUMMERS*" (*continued*)

figures and pious scrolls, again and again, the chevrons and mullets on different shaped shields.

All De Coucys, these.

The proud house was extinct; Miss Considine's mother had been the last of her race, and she was but a distant scion of the main line.

Marianne Considine smiled a little and sighed a little, and the young man was quite silent.

It was she who said, "Let us go."

When they were out again in the pale sunlight she suggested that they should return, but he confessed to having sent the car away for a couple of hours at least.

"Where do you mean to go?" she asked. "Sit there among the graves?"

"I'll get you tea, somewhere."

"Never! Christmas Day! Everything is closed. And I don't want tea."

They stood straight and tall, young and handsome, on the close withered sward that still showed faintly green, so alike in youth and good looks, so far apart in thoughts; the woman thinking of her triumphs to come, of the great old world still unexplored; he just thinking of her—and her folly—as he called it.

"I wish I could wipe away two hundred years," he said, suddenly. "You couldn't have defied me then—you'd just have had to come—there would have been nothing else for you to do."

"The cave man touch!" smiled Miss Considine. "It's queer to hear you, Harry, talk that old stuff."

He caught her up quickly.

"Old stuff—yes! So is the robin and the holly tree and Christmas Day—such old stuff that we are ashamed to mention them, but they are *real*, just the same, aren't they?"

She looked round her slowly.

"Yes—real enough," she conceded.

Somehow she felt uneasy, slightly disturbed.

"Let us find this miraculous tea," she added.

He led the way to the gate.

"Seriously," he said, "don't you ever intend to fall in love?"

Miss Considine drew the silky blue fur closer round her slender throat.

"I can only say what the wicked Marquis said to the virtuous dame who protested that she loved her husband, '*C'est bizarre, mais ce n'est pas défendu!*'"

"Don't," said Harry Dobree.

Quite near the churchyard, just at the turn of the road, under the big bare elms, was a peculiar-looking house, which had a look of shattered dignity with its plastered-up windows and clusters of twisted chimneys, and odd gables, and half-fallen ancient red brick wall.

There appeared no vestige of life about the place save the few bright berries in the garden, and a curly white dog on a chain, but the young man, with the girl, a smiling accomplice, knocked at the low heavy sunken door.

An old man opened it to them, and with the placid patience of the aged peasant granted their request for tea.

He was just going to have his own meal, he said, before going across to the afternoon service.

His slow step ushered them into a commodious room, panelled in carved compartments of dark shining oak, and opening on to a wide staircase with massive balustrades richly carved in various devices.

He was a pensioned gardener, he said, of a great family that was now no more, and he and his granddaughter were living in this old house as caretakers until the recent purchaser dismantled it.

The atmosphere of the old apartment was as strange as that of the church; a large wood fire burned on the open hearth; Miss Considine sat beside it, on the ancient smooth settle, and drank the tea and ate the cakes the shy young granddaughter brought; she threw back her furs and unloosened the veil from her delicate head, and drew her fine hands out of the long, soft gloves.

The old man, whose pale blue eyes were embedded in a thousand crimped wrinkles, looked at her; the perfume of Roman hyacinth she used was stirred by the warmth and touched the winter with the sense of spring.

The young man also looked at her; he leant against the flat old chimney-piece, and the firelight was ruddy on the warm brown tints of his face and head and neck; the old man chattered gently, garrulous, absorbed in the past, odd little stories and anecdotes, queer little phrases and chuckles came faintly out of his twisted old mouth, like smoke from a pyre of aromatics, preserving dead relics.

"There is a strange tombstone here," said Miss Considine, her low voice sounding very beautiful after the ancient's rasping whistle, "just 'Grace'—do you know anything about it?"

He knew.

"This were *her* house—when my father was a child, and *his* father worked for the great house, and that is a mighty number of years ago."

"*Her* house! Then 'Grace' was a woman?" asked Miss Considine.

"She was. This was the finest estate in the country then—the deer park and the gardens! You can't think how fine it was, ma'am. And she was the Earl's cousin, and brought up with the heir."

"The penny novelette again," smiled Miss Considine.

"But—again—*real*," put in the young man, emphatically.

"It were real enough," piped the old man. "My grandfather worked for the Earl—nothing left now but tombs, and they're mouldering fast."

"And what was the story of 'Grace?'" asked Mr. Dobree.

"You could put it in a sentence—she was to marry the young lord, her cousin, but her head was turned with vanity, being nought but a light-minded female, and she must needs go up to Court to show herself off, one of the Queen's maids, she was, with all the men after her—and he, he married some decent body, and she got into trouble, what it was I be'nt rightly understood, but she came back here and lived hid in a cottage, just to see him going to and fro."

"And he never knew?" asked Miss Considine.

"No, he didn't ever know. Only my grand-people knew, and when she was fretted to death they buried her, just as she said, with that one word on her tomb, which it might mean anything."

"*Mercy*, she meant, and pity," murmured Miss Considine, quickly.

"It were her name," said the old man.

"Your different drummer again!" remarked Mr. Dobree, quietly. "She must have cared for the chap."

(*Continued on page 72*)

BY REGINALD HIGGINS

CRASHED !

"DIFFERENT DRUMMERS" (*concluded*)

"Obviously," smiled the lady.

"Old stuff!" he exclaimed. "But it comes round, *true*, again and again, like the snow—look!"

He pointed to the thick diamond panes, where a little skurry of snow was scattering against the glass.

She followed the blushing girl in her Christmas finery up to the old shut-away room, with one window walled up and the rusty ivy over the other, and the dipping floor and heavy door.

The ringing of the church bells

"Quite near the old gates, it was"

Miss Considine rose.

"We must not keep you; I hear the church bells."

"You're kindly welcome to the shelter as long as you care to take it—Lucy'll show you the Lady Grace's room upstairs, if you like, ma'am."

"Please. I'd like to see it."

sounded as if they came from very far away.

"The cottage she came back to hide in was took down some years ago," murmured the girl, awkwardly. "Quite near the old gates, it was, where she could see him coming and going like."

"You think it's true?" asked Miss Considine. "Like the robins and the holly? So true that you get tired of it — supposing it is! — your first love! Your real love! — don't you think it might break your heart if you let him go — for *anything*?"

She smiled whimsically, drawing on the long loose scented gloves.

The girl blushed deeper, not quite understanding.

Miss Considine went downstairs.

"This house is sad, Harry," she said. "Let us go to the church till the car comes——"

"That stale stuff?" he asked, not moving.

Miss Considine buttoned her coat and twisted the ash-coloured veils round her delicate head.

"It really happens, you know you said so," she remarked. "Come outside, Harry, dear."

He followed her into the garden.

"Look!" she said, slowly. "Real snow!" she looked up at him, "and real love."

"Mine—yes."

The snowflakes drifted lightly over them.

"And mine," she answered. "Yes—really."

"The drummer?" he asked, unsteadily. "Has he changed his march?"

"I can't hear him," she replied, swiftly. "Oh, my dear—*don't ever let me.*"

MARJORIE BOWEN

CHRISTMASSY CONDITIONS

HOLLY, and "trees,"
And mistletoe
With girls (Yes, please!)
At hand below!
They giggle: "OH! . . ."
(Surprise benumbs!)—
Men are so . . . SO . . .
When Christmas comes!

Snivel and sneeze,
Catarrhal woe,
A biting breeze
(Fortissimo),
Fog, rain, or snow,
Frost (tingling thumbs),
Are *comme il faut*
When Christmas comes!

Bang go bawbees,
For friend and foe
Must gild the *mise*
En scène . . . and blow
Expense! Heigh ho!
The merest crumbs
Are made of "dough"
When Christmas comes!

E. L. ROBERTS

A Bad Patch

[Photograph] SKI-ING AT CHAMONIX [Horace W. Nicholls

The First Explosive

by A. A. Thomson

SOME thousand years ago, or more—I quite forget the date—
When knights rode forth in "ready-mades" of best electro-plate,
When wizards and enchanters of extremely careless habits
Would change you into antelopes or five-barred gates or rabbits,
When in the sky each night you'd see a broomstick with a hag on,
Well, in those days, once on a time, there lived a certain dragon.

THIS dragon was a heavy-weight of more than normal strength;
His tail was swivel-jointed and three hundred yards in length.
His *flammenwerfer* fittings, which he'd turn on if displeased,
Would burn up half a city if he just so much as sneezed.
He'd eat a town for breakfast and two villages for luncheon,
Then sit amid the ruins and in perfect comfort munch on.

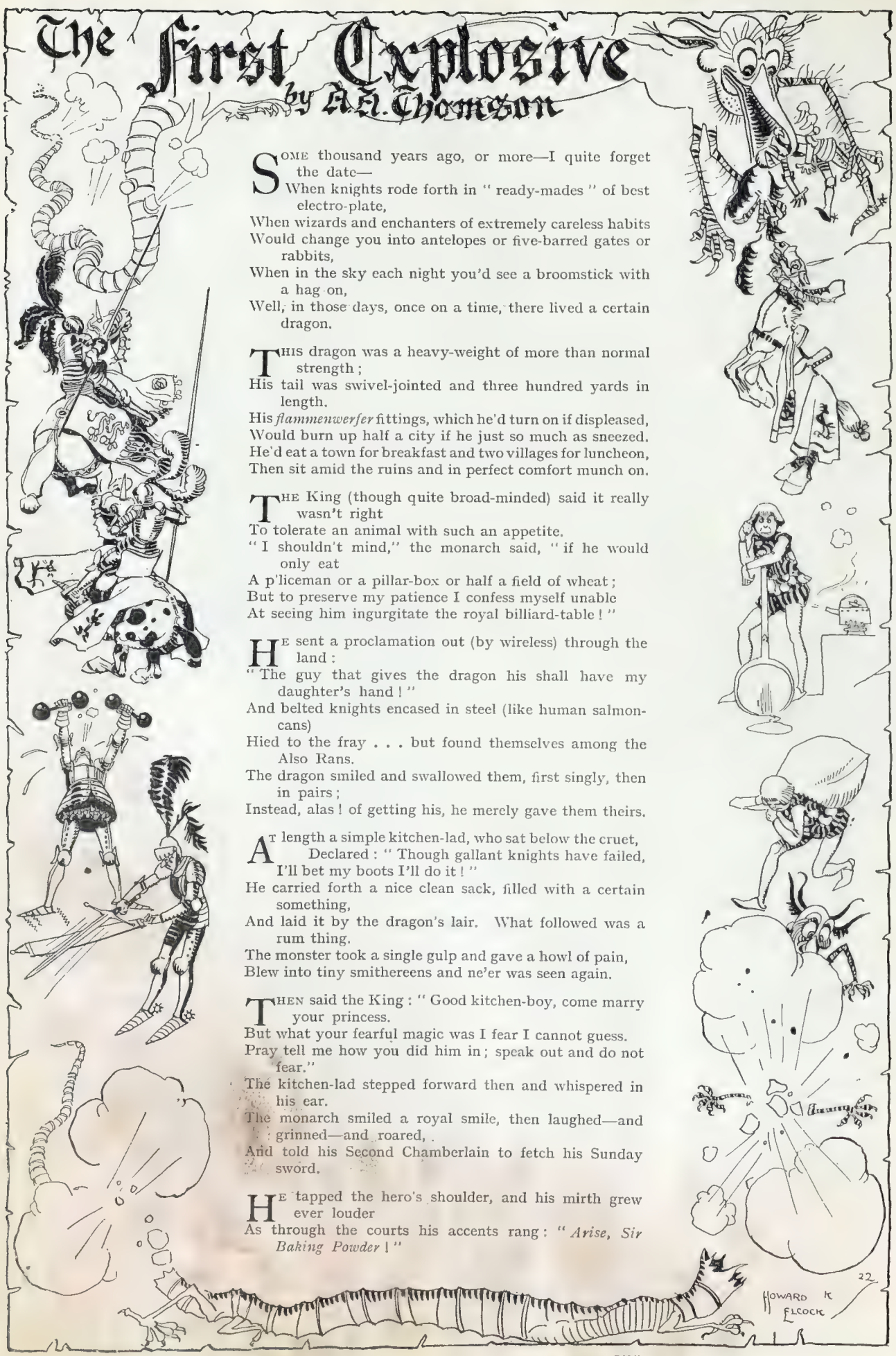
THE King (though quite broad-minded) said it really wasn't right
To tolerate an animal with such an appetite.
"I shouldn't mind," the monarch said, "if he would only eat
A p'liceman or a pillar-box or half a field of wheat;
But to preserve my patience I confess myself unable
At seeing him ingurgitate the royal billiard-table!"

HE sent a proclamation out (by wireless) through the land:
"The guy that gives the dragon his shall have my daughter's hand!"
And belted knights encased in steel (like human salmon-cans)
Hied to the fray . . . but found themselves among the Also Rans.
The dragon smiled and swallowed them, first singly, then in pairs;
Instead, alas! of getting his, he merely gave them theirs.

AT length a simple kitchen-lad, who sat below the cruet,
Declared: "Though gallant knights have failed,
I'll bet my boots I'll do it!"
He carried forth a nice clean sack, filled with a certain something,
And laid it by the dragon's lair. What followed was a rum thing.
The monster took a single gulp and gave a howl of pain,
Blew into tiny smithereens and ne'er was seen again.

THEN said the King: "Good kitchen-boy, come marry your princess.
But what your fearful magic was I fear I cannot guess.
Pray tell me how you did him in; speak out and do not fear."
The kitchen-lad stepped forward then and whispered in his ear.
The monarch smiled a royal smile, then laughed—and grinned—and roared,
And told his Second Chamberlain to fetch his Sunday sword.

HE tapped the hero's shoulder, and his mirth grew ever louder
As through the courts his accents rang: "*Arise, Sir Baking Powder!*"



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

BY FREDERICK PARKER

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"Renée loved Lucien"

Robe de Réveillon

BY "ROLAND." TRANSLATED BY A.G.B.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

FANCIFUL shapes of all types of women flitted across the mind of Renée Brasier as, in the tightly packed Montsouris *autobus*, she wondered who would be the wearer of the adorable *robe de réveillon* which she had that afternoon "paraded." Would it be the gross, almost corpulent person who had scrutinised it with a thoroughness that almost ran to callousness, appraising it as so much material, bereft of an understanding that a lovely frock could be the expression of poetry, translated from the dreams of the designer by fingers labouring in sympathy? She hoped not.

RENÉE had almost a parental interest in that exquisite piece of craftsmanship, one of the most fascinating models which had ever been achieved in the house. Entrusted to her as her first big job, she had caught the spirit of the artist who had planned it, and so captured the delicacy of effect which he had in mind as to provoke an outburst of involuntary felicitations from this morose man, so rarely given to compliment or emotionalism.

FATE seemed to have destined her to play an unusually prominent part in the adventures of this fascinating frock. In the busy Christmas week, when the showrooms with difficulty housed the long procession of peculiarly assorted women of wealth, jealously battling to secure the prettiest gown for *réveillon*, one of the *mannequins* had fallen ill. Renée, who had nature's physical endowments for this occupation of posing and posturing, besides her talents for clever workmanship in the preferred obscurity of the *atelier*, had been pressed into service.

SHE hated the task. Not alone because she had once belonged to the *monde* from which the bulk of the clients came, and might have to face the unpleasantness of being recognised. She found an artist's joy in the creative activity of the workrooms, while she experienced repellancy and irritation in the attitude of many of the hectoring purchasers. One consolation in the ordeal which she had reluctantly consented to endure was that she was requested to "show" the frock which had so completely seized her imagination. But that satisfaction was marred by the bullying manner of the gross person who had compelled her to turn this way and that way, then prance backwards and forwards as if she were a racehorse showing off points.

NO, she could not bear the idea of that loud-voiced, shapeless woman commandeering the gown by the power of her purse, though she realised the ogress had practically made up her mind when she left to look over other *collections*. It would be too unfair. What she wished was that it should swathe in its gracious lines some ethereal being of goddess-form—someone as naturally blessed in this respect as herself—she, quite impersonally, ruminated.

BUT everything seemed unfair just now. Take her own case. Her principal desire was to be the wife of Lucien Legrand. She loved Lucien as passionately as he loved her. They were almost of one age, for he had only just passed milestone twenty-four. But Lucien was a poor artist, maintaining the most discouraging struggle in order to keep himself, let alone gain sufficient to keep them both.

SHE knew he possessed talent, but she also knew that talent counts for little until the day of recognition arrives. As the *autobus* jolted and rumbled up the Boulevard Raspail she recalled how many of their friends were in similar case to Lucien, wondered how many of those who eked out as long as possible the nightly *bock* at the Rotonde would ever attain fame and wealth.

"The busy showroom"

THEN her thoughts came back to the terrible issue she had,

"She had promised M. Durand"

for three days now, striven to avoid, without much success, for it was constantly forcing itself on her attention. On the first day she had deputised for a *mannequin*—she who might normally be designated a *midinette*—Renée had attracted the notice of a wealthy *industriel* who was paying the bills of a *petite amie*. Had she been in the least uncertain on the point herself—and what French girl would fail to realise the effect she had created on any man?—he had put the matter beyond doubt by subsequent activities.

IT had been obvious to Renée that he had ceased to have any but a formally courteous interest in the *demi-mondaine* for whom he was purchasing a costly wardrobe. And, by the customary channels, he had procured the means of speaking to her.

RENÉE willingly admitted he had acted with the utmost delicacy. She was thoroughly familiar with the system whereby wealthy men obtained acquaintance with beautiful *mannequins*. She knew that many of the girls engaged in an undesired occupation in the hope of meeting some rich man who would transplant them to a more congenial sphere. She had nothing to say against it. She had been brought up in an atmosphere in which it was tolerated, and it did not occur to her to question the doings of her neighbours.

ALL that she was concerned about was herself. She preferred to be the wife of Lucien. On the moral side her attitude towards the problem was no different from that of her associates, who urged her to accept the proposals of the wealthy admirer.

"Lucien will always be poor," they argued. "Why make the sacrifice of a life of luxury? You will have plenty of freedom with a rich man like that, who is bound to be greatly occupied with his affairs. You will be able to spend almost as much time with Lucien as if you were his wife."

THESE constantly repeated encouragements of her friends seemed to make more impression on her that night, as they insistently crossed her thoughts. After all, she reflected, why not adopt the easy way out? She was sufficiently adroit to carry off the dual rôle. That she recognised, without the least touch of conceit, when she recalled women of her acquaintance who had unhesitatingly accepted the position.

She had promised M. Durand that he should have his answer at *déjeuner* on the following day—Christmas Eve. At that instant she made up her mind. It should be "Yes." Lucien would probably abandon her immediately he learned the facts. But she would not tell him for a while.

And even if he broke with her when he discovered the situation, she felt confident of her powers to pull him back eventually. She would get him to appreciate that it was the only course. She was tired of the hardships of the present existence, imposed on her through the fault of others, not of herself. Yes, her friends were right. M. Durand's offer should be accepted.

THE *autobus* drew up at the terminus, and she walked round the corner to the dingy little flat, which appeared even more depressing than usual, as she visioned the luxurious *hôtel privé* in which she would soon be established. When she opened the door she was astonished to find the place lit up and Lucien, who possessed a key, sitting quietly there in the only *fauteuil*. He appeared grave.

This was disquieting. Could he suspect? No; that was impossible. He could not yet know of a decision which she had only just taken. Still, his presence was disturbing, especially in view of his air of gravity. She felt certain there was trouble ahead, and she was afraid that if there were any scene she might confess what project she had in view.

After the usual customary greetings, which seemed exceptionally banal to Renée that night, Lucien began to speak of the subject which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

"YOU remember my picture, *La Femme d'Aujourd'hui*, which has been hanging in the *Salon* for several weeks?" Renée remembered it well. It was a wonderful picture, full of inspired colouring and life.

(Continued on page 80)

"Renée grasped the top of a chair as a support"

This motto will gradually find its way on to our stationery and our labels. It will become a distinguishing mark as well as a slogan.

"It's just as easy to know the best people as the worst"—VACHELL

It is not just as easy to know the best whisky unless you take a little trouble over it. But if you have a fine delicate sense of smell you can make this interesting experiment:—

TAKE a few wine-glasses and half fill each with different brands of Whisky. Empty the glasses back into their respective bottles. A certain aroma will remain in each glass. Cover up and examine them a few hours later. If Old Highland Malt Whisky has been freely used in the blend the aroma will remain in the glass. If the blend contains a large proportion of grain spirit the aroma will have escaped.

Highland Malt Whisky costs about three times as much to make as grain spirit does.

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"ROBE DE RÉVEILLON" (*concluded*)

"*Eh, bien,* I have received an offer of 50,000 francs and have sold it. The purchaser is a millionaire *industriel* named Durand. It is not merely the 50,000 francs that matter—though that is, of course, immense in view of my former scanty earnings—but the fact that Durand is accepted as an authority. I shall now be able to dispose of all my pictures at an equal, if not a greater, figure.

"Renée, congratulate me, with the backing of my name by Durand my fortune is made. But it has come as such a shock that I am still more agitated than joyous. You alone can make me appreciate the wonderful truth. Tell me all that it means to us, and then I shall realise better. I have already received the cheque. We can be married at once if you wish."

RENÉE grasped the top of a chair as a support. "Is it Durand the steel manufacturer?" she muttered. "Yes, why, do you know him?" "Oh, no; I have heard of him as an amazingly rich man," she managed to reply.

Burning memories of her recent decision chased through her mind as she strove to find words to deal with the new situation. What would Lucien think if only he knew? But he must not know. Recognition, which meant fame and fortune, had arrived in time. She would be spared from taking the course which previously had seemed the only one possible.

She must find the necessary phrase before the puzzled Lucien became suspicious. "Whoever he may be, we can have nothing but gratitude towards M. Durand. He is our rescuer. Lucien, we will marry as soon as you wish."

LUCIEN strode across the room, took her in his arms, embraced her as if he had at last appreciated the magnitude of his artistic triumph. "To-morrow is *réveillon*," he said, after he had ended a rain of kisses. "We will celebrate the success of *La Femme d'Aujourd'hui* by gathering the most joyous party in all Paris. And you shall have the finest *robe de réveillon* that is to be procured." That was not difficult to obtain, for Renée knew just where it was to be found. ROLAND

By VICTOR HICKS

MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS BE JUST ONE GOOD THING ON TOP OF ANOTHER

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

FRIEND of the earliest day
I can remember,
Who drives away the grey
From drear December.
When Christmas comes, even if it
isn't snowy,
I think of Joey.

He makes the welkin ring
From pit to gallery;
And, though his fun can't bring
So big a salary
As what is paid to girls like Iris
Hoey,
I love old Joey.

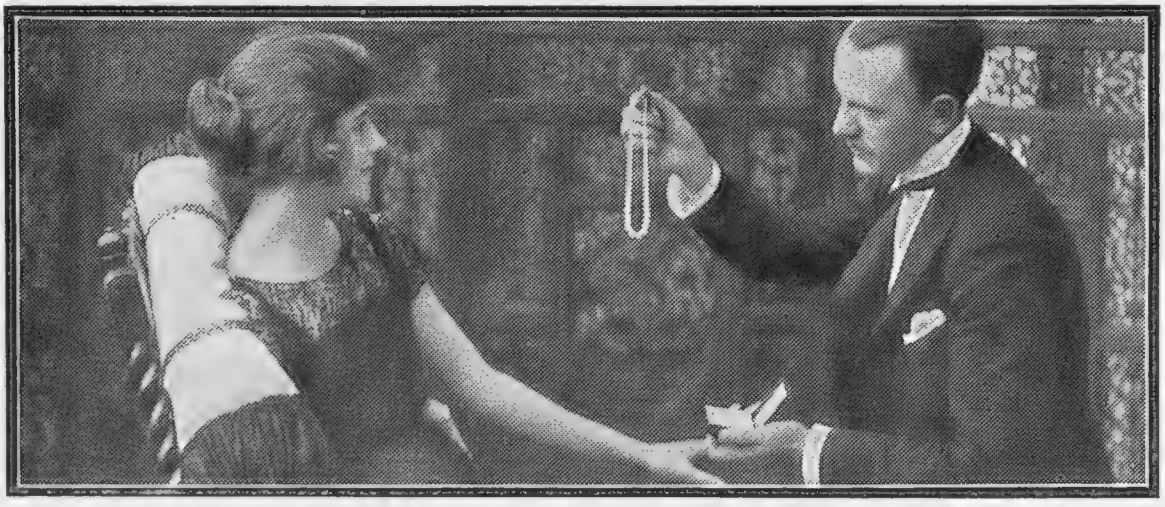
He holds the sausage dear
Through Drury's Christmas—
Without a sign of fear
Of botulismus.
His whitened face, like Harry
Lauder's "Doughie,"
Gets laughs for Joey.

The handsome Harlequin
In sparkling spangles
And Columbines, who spin
In fine fandangles,
Can ne'er compare, although they're
much more showy,
With genial Joey.

I wonder where he goes
Throughout the summer,
When Managers depose
The Christmas mummer?
Perhaps some Pierrots' pier, where
winds are blowy,
Brings joy to Joey.

Wherever he may stop
When he is "resting"—
If looking for a "shop"
Or just birdnesting—
His "Here we are again!" makes
life more goey.
Good luck, dear Joey!

J. M. BULLOCH



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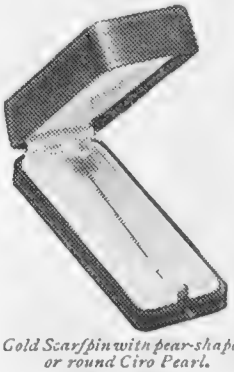
Ciro Pearl Cross-over Ring in gelt or platinette.
£1 1s

Gold Bar Brooch with Ciro Pearl.
£1 1s.



Gold Scarfpin with pear-shaped or round Ciro Pearl.
£1 1s.

and she will admire and value not only the gift, but your good taste in selecting it.

CIRO PEARLS are an ever-acceptable present to a woman, always in fashion, always appropriate and never more than at the Christmas Season. Their brilliant sheen, perfect colouring and natural form make them such exact replicas of the Oriental pearl that it is impossible to tell one from the other, even when worn side by side.

As a Yuletide offering nothing equals the facsimile of a valuable pearl necklace, or one of the charming gifts shown on this page.

If you come to our showrooms to select your Xmas gift your own eyes will convince you, but if this is not possible, then avail yourself of our wonderful postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings in case complete. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Attractive cases supplied with all goods, but specially fine cases as illustrated 2/- extra, or for necklets, 3/6 extra.

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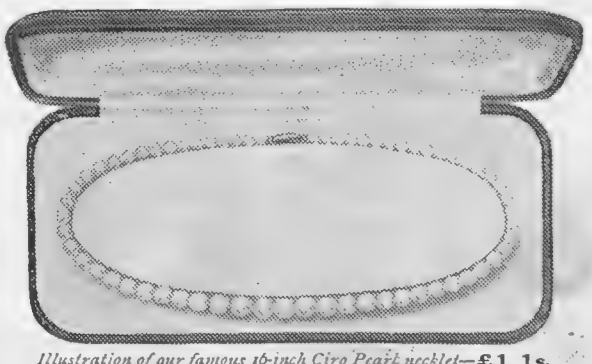

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Other lengths at proportionate rates.

Single Ciro Pearl Ring on gold or platinette mount.
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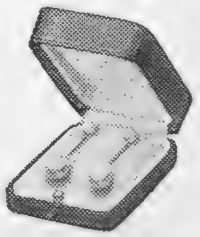

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£1 1s. *per pair.*

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Solid gold Half-hoop Ring with 5 Ciro Pearls.
£1 1s.

MR. BANNISTER INSURES

by C. Hedley Barker.

ILLUSTRATED BY EMIL VERPILLEUX

MR. REGINALD BANNISTER, who was really Mr. Reginald Machen, turned out of Grove Road with a relaxing of tight lips which, all along the road named, had registered annoyance and disgust. The dustbins and dingy curtains had seemed to portray poverty with a devilish viciousness to-day. Mr. Bannister hated poverty. The blatancy of those broken dustbins and dingy curtains had seared him. Swinging into Acacia Avenue there was a clearing of his face, a twinkling return of reposeful benignity, and an importation of jauntiness into his gait which made of him once more an attractive personage.

With the generous perspective of Acacia Avenue going down before him, guarded by still, white sentinels of leafless trees, Mr. Bannister felt decidedly better. A lamp-lighter, coming expertly along, dappled the clean, bright snow in his wake with light and shadow. These things . . . the white sentinels and the dappled snow and the utter stillness of the nipping air . . . were very fine indeed. They made of this Christmas Eve a particularly Christmas Evey one. Nothing like harmony. Snowballs in June would have frenzied Mr. Bannister. As well have strawberries and cream with the turkey.

Watching Mr. Bannister on this Christmas Eve you would scarcely have divined that he had ever known any but the nicest people. With an unabated jauntiness, softly whistling to himself a carol, he passed, with a genial word to the lamp-lighter, up the steps of a house like all the other houses in Acacia Avenue, and embarked on the protracted affair of getting himself into it. First of all a great to-do of scraping boots on the iron gadget which, eminent on the topmost step, received all visitors to Number 2. Then a vigorous stamping of feet. After this, a kind of sand-dance, on the mat, followed by a slapping of trouser-bottoms. Mr. Bannister was now ready to penetrate into the inner fastness, where was Marion. Without more ado he let himself in, and passed into a room on the right of the hall. With a very special twinkle and a smile, he crossed to the big chair in the corner, where, abandoning for the moment her sewing, an old lady with considerable traces of an early beauty, lifted a face in which bloomed the vitality of a peach, to be kissed.

"My dear" . . . Mr. Bannister rubbed his hands, and extended them to the blaze. . . "my dear, a wonderful night—a very wonderful Christmas Eve. Has Mary found the stocking, yet? And, my props?"

By the stocking, Mr. Bannister meant the only stocking in the house that mattered . . . a huge stocking, builded to support great strains. The stocking had hung every Christmas Eve at the foot of *her* bed, and in twenty years none of the thrill of this affair had been lost to Marion. Not for the king of all the calendars would Marion surrender youth. A most fascinating affair. One never knew what Reginald would put in.

The props, as all Acacia Avenue and Grove Road had good reason to know, consisted of a white beard . . . red coat . . . the gladsome sartorial appurtenances, in fact, of Santa Claus. In this guise, Mr. Bannister fared annually forth, bearing a sackful of good things for the Grove Road kids. "Tell it not in Gath" had been his motto, but, as secrets do, his had leaked out, so that, at any season of the year (so vivid is the juvenile memory for glad things) the Grove Road kids, spotting the jaunty twinkle of his legs as he rushed for the business train o' mornings, would pursue him with facetious, affectionate badinage. "Hey! Go it, Daddy. Tuppence yer don't catch it!" And, Daddy Christmas, no matter were the signal twenty times down, would pause to shake a fist and smile.

"My dear," who was Marion, set down her sewing, towards which her hands had again fluttered, and considered immediate things. He would be glad to hear that the props, at any rate, had been discovered. The business of their discovery, it would appear, became more complicated every year. This time they had turned up in the box-room, rather worse for dust, and the weeniest bit damp. They must be aired. As to the stocking, Mary was even now in the process of search, and no doubt success would presently wait on her efforts. Reginald was to be sure and wrap up well. He would find the extra waistcoat lining in the top left drawer.

At last, everything having been discharged to their mutual satis-

(All rights strictly reserved)

Did She Show Just a Trace of Chagrin Last Christmas?

THAT is, did it seem to you that her enthusiasm was moderated? Was there a suggestion of disillusionment in her voice? Of mental reservation in her thanks, as if she were trying to regulate her gratitude to your gift? Did she, for example, express herself as being very, very grateful? Then, the solution is simple. It is so like a woman to use "very" twice when she would rather not use it at all! She really wanted a Necklace of Técla Pearls, and was in the embarrassing predicament of having to be grateful for the wrong gift!

TÉCLA PEARL NECKLACES
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas

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7 Old Bond Street, London

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16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice *398 Fifth Avenue, New York*

faction, Mr. Bannister, high-booted, white bearded, and twinkling, shouldered his sack, and stepped into the hall. Marion, solicitous, distrustful of the weather, accompanied him. A double rat-tat stayed his hand on the very knob of the door. A letter rattled hollowly into the box.

"'What is it, dear? Tom? Or has Helen——"

"Just a business letter, my dear," said Mr. Bannister. "By the way . . . I'll have just a *leetle* spot of brandy, after all. It is none too warm, as you say."

He was very white, and his hand shook a little, as he raised the glass to his lips.

. . . . . .

The cramped confines of a tiny world render inevitable occasional reachings-out from the past of a grisly arm. The lurking sentience of this menace has prompted various proverbs . . . proverbs for the demonstration of whose truth the fates entertain an ironical fancy at festive times. This grisly arm, reaching out from the obscurity of the dead years, now set clammy fingers on the heart of Mr. Bannister, wiping away from his face, like chalk from a blackboard, all warmth, leaving a cold and rigid mask.

Mr. Bannister slit the envelope.

DEAR MACHEN (he read)—

You see, it was no good being Bannister. Hyde would seem to have a distressing penchant for resurrection, no matter how far beneath the sod of time he may have been thrust by Jekyll.

I happened to be down here professionally, and heard, in the casual way one hears these things, of the Acacia Road Santa Claus. A description of the gentleman minus beard and traps set me thinking. So, I watched, and recognised you on your way to the station. Who of the old gang would credit it? Danny Machen, first gentleman of jemmydom, doing the heavy philanthropist.

But that's by the way. Machen—you've got to do a job for me. I'm due to crack a crib to-night, and the wheels of circumstance have saddled me with a broken arm.

The job is at Number 30, Grove Road. An office, with safe in one room and caretaker, wife and kid in two others. Better put over your Daddy Christmas first, so there'll be no inquiries. I shall see you at the bottom of Grove Road about 11.30 p.m.

Now, Machen—no tricks! Unless you want your wife to know how you blistered your feet on the broad road before getting a new pair of boots, be sensible.

Yours, with the season's compliments, "J."

Mr. Bannister mechanically folded up the letter. "J." That would be Johnny Hobart. He had guessed that from the handwriting, anyway, wide as was the gulf which separated him from the last specimen of that gentleman's caligraphy. Grove Road . . . 11.30. He leaned forward, head cupped in clammy hands. He felt very sick, and he repeated with a quiet intensity to himself the words, "Grove Road . . . 11.30" as he groped blindly for a way out.

No way out. When the taxi stopped at the top of Grove Road, he knew sudden panic, and gibbered down the tube into the driver's ear . . . "drive on! Anywhere. Just drive on, that is all. Away from here! You understand? Away . . . ."

He must have ten minutes to think . . . to consider this pressing situation. This, after twenty years of honesty, passionately guarded and kept from blemish. And, on Christmas Eve! Good God! The irony . . . the fiendish irony of it!

The taxi slowed down, turned into Grove Road for the second time. A crowd of youngsters, agog, thrilled, surged forward with a concerted "hooray!" as he stepped into the snow. "He's come! Daddy Christmas is 'ere!" The news flashed from house to house. More kiddies, running with snow-muffled feet, converged on the sack

"A lightning movement, and his fist had crashed suddenly home"

(*Continued on page 86*)

I'd forgotten my Pearls!

"MR. BANNISTER INSURES" (continued)

and the red coat from everywhere and nowhere.

Soldiers, rigidly incapable of any attitude save that of attention, were in great demand by the boys. Box after box changed hands, till Mr. Bannister's leaden army was reduced to a single regiment. This wouldn't do. Mr. Bannister threw a calculating glance down Grove Road. Another hundred houses or so, yet, all containing potential field-marshals. He switched abruptly on to locomotives of yellow wood, with red funnels belching out solid smoke, and for the kid at Number 17, whose consumption was almost certain to make this his terminal Christmas Eve, a real steam-engine with brass boiler and methylated spirit fire was reserved. Dolls for the girls. None of skimp-shanked stuff, shivering in summer underwear. Real lady dolls, with muffs and furs, and bits of snow hanging to their attractive persons from the recent storm.

Mr. Bannister was smiling again. He twinkled. Jauntiness marked his gait. He fancied, as he turned into 30, feeling for nuts and oranges and rosy apples, that an uncertain shadow lurked in a sheltering doorway across the street. Could it be . . . ? But, no. Eleven-thirty wanted an hour, yet.

The caretaker's kid, also of the field-marshal sex, wanted soldiers. Policemen, too, and, please, a real bull's-eye lantern, if there was one in the bag. The bag was a miserable looking affair now, attenuated and hollowed out with starved valleys. Certainly there was no lantern. But the little chap should have one to-morrow. And, an air-gun? The King Dick was best? Why, then, a King Dick it should be. Only right, thought Mr. Bannister, that the kid should have a real bull's-eye lantern and a King Dick gun, and anything else he wanted, in view of what was going to happen to his father. The very least he could do, in the circumstances.

The father, a man of deceiving bulk, had rather a liking for Mr. Bannister. Come to that, Mr. Bannister reciprocated. As the caretaker opened the door to accompany Mr. Bannister downstairs, that gentleman knew a sudden, devilish weakness. He had partaken of whisky with this man . . . whisky which the caretaker had denied himself to afford for Christmas. In spirit, Mr. Bannister groaned. Then, with the door closed behind him, and the "Merry Christmas" of Mrs. Caretaker ringing in his ears, he steeled himself with a mighty effort. The thing just had to be done.

They commenced the descent of the stairs . . . one step . . . two . . . three. . . .

Mr. Bannister's heart thumped and thumped. Should he do it on the fourth step . . . the fifth . . . ?

How *many* steps? About fifteen. The caretaker's foot was on the sixth already. The sixth! Only another nine. Another nine. If he didn't act quickly he would be too late.

Seven.

It seemed to Mr. Bannister that, for a brief moment, he ceased utterly to be. His pulses stopped. His entire machinery halted. Something caught at his breath with a strangle-hold. A light danced before him . . . within him. . . .

A lightning movement, and his fist had crashed suddenly home

(Continued on page 80

Maison Lyons Chocolates

MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES are something more than just ordinary chocolates. The flavour of the chocolate coating and its velvety smoothness are more delightful than any other kind you have tried; the temptingly flavoured centres—each one a pleasant surprise—and their wonderful variety are a revelation of how good chocolates can be. 4/- lb.

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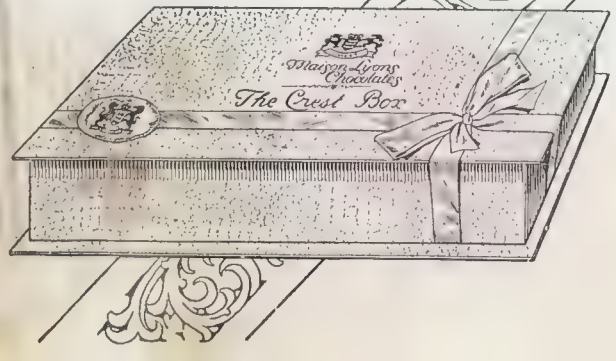
Large Box 6/- Small Box 3/-



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AND BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES AND CINEMAS.

EAT MORE GOOD TOFFEE—MAKE IT A CHRISTMAS DE LUXE

A Christmas Carol—*modernised*

"Suppose the pudding should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball and, to balance it for weight, for astounding goodness, for sheer compelling deliciousness—a tin of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe."

TO the traditional good things of the Christmas table, Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is added—naturally—for it is goodness itself.

Have your share of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe this Christmas—order early, enough for the whole family.

Seven Varieties—all delicious:

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe. Almond Toffee-de-Luxe. Cocoanut-de-Luxe. Café-de-Luxe Mint-de-Luxe. Plain Toffee-de-Luxe. De-Luxe Assortment.

MACKINTOSH'S Toffee-de-Luxe

8D. Qtr. Sold loose by weight and in Tins at 1/3, 2/-, 2/6 & 5/-

Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, Almond Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, and Assorted Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe are 10d. Qtr.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now made in

Two Sizes

1/3 & 2/-

At all Chemists.

What Men Should Know

About film on teeth, and modern ways to end it

These are vital discoveries made by able men, at the cost of years of research. They have brought to millions, the world over, whiter, cleaner, sounder teeth.

No man can afford to ignore them. The benefits are most important—often lifelong in extent. They apply to the entire family.

Every man should send this coupon, make this test, then watch results and judge them for himself.

The film problem

Film is the teeth's chief enemy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains.

If not removed—and frequently—it may do serious damage. It is now recognized as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Smokers in particular suffer these discolorations.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

One great problem in mouth hygiene has been to find ways to daily fight that film.

Two ways discovered

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. The results are beyond dispute. So leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. In that tooth paste are embodied these two film combatants.

Other problems solved

Another problem has been starch deposits on the teeth. They also cling and stay, and often ferment and form acid. Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits. But with modern diet that agent is usually too weak.

So modern authority has decided that the tooth paste should stimulate that agent. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant.

Mouth acids formed another problem. Nature puts alkalis in the saliva to neutralize those acids which affect the teeth. But they also, with modern diet, are generally too weak.

So a factor is used in Pepsodent to multiply those alkalis. Thus every use increases vastly those acid neutralizers.

Now used by millions

Pepsodent is rather new, yet the use has already spread nearly all the world over. Careful people of some 40 races now employ it daily, largely by dental advice. To millions of people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The results are quickly seen and felt. No one can doubt the benefits they bring. Someone in every home should make this test and show the effects to the family.

The Woman's Side

To women, Pepsodent means added beauty. Film-coats on teeth are frequently dingy — sometimes greatly stained. The natural lustre of the teeth comes out with their removal.

In every circle nowadays you see teeth that glisten. Ask the owners and you'll find, we think, that Pepsodent is used.

But children need Pepsodent most. Young teeth seem most susceptible to film. Very few escape its effects. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears. Every mother who sees the effects will know why.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will be delightful and convincing.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice.

A scientific tooth paste, made to comply with all modern requirements. Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists almost the world over. All chemists and druggists supply it in two sizes, 1/3 and 2/-

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....

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.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander Annual

"MR. BANNISTER INSURES" (continued).

to a selected spot behind the caretaker's ear. The man lurched, uttered a small sound, then fell. He fell softly, for watchful Mr. Bannister held ready arms to restrain the downward movement of his victim.

"Sorry," he muttered into the unconscious ear, as, gathering the limp form, he dragged it soundlessly up the stairs and across the landing. A deft exploration of pockets rewarded him with a yale key and an automatic. The office lock, operated with the merest murmur, revealed a huge safe, covering the whole of one side of the room. Mr. Bannister dragged in the body after him, delved about for things to tie it with . . . contrived a hasty gag.

"I was to tell you," he called cheerfully, putting in his head at Mrs. Caretaker's door, "that he's just stepped down to the 'Three Brothers.'"

She grimaced, eloquently. "Bed for me, then," she said. "Merry Christmas!"

Having thus secured himself against interruption, Mr. Bannister again approached the safe. A combination lock. Interesting!

II

Half-an-hour afterwards the lurking shadow in the doorway opposite No. 30 moved forward expectantly, as a low whistle floated across from Mr. Bannister. There were no greetings. Conversation, other than the minimum demanded by necessity, was discouraged. The twinkle had gone from Mr. Bannister's eye, and he had no use for garrulity. Altogether, a Daddy Christmas of very grim and forbidding mien. Johnny Hobart felt just the least bit uneasy. Particularly as his shooting arm was in a sling.

"I have attended to the caretaker, poor fellow," explained Mr. Bannister, indicating the prostrate form. "The safe is a combination lock. Shouldn't take more than ten minutes or so, if my ears are as good as they were."

"Little bit off form, perhaps," grinned Hobart. "That's only to be expected after all these years."

"Quite," said Mr. Bannister, softly. "Remain still, Hobart! You know me! Move an inch, and . . . !

Mr. Hobart swore horribly, and

"John Hobart, late of Dartmoor penitentiary, hereby declares himself solely responsible for the Herne Brow robbery of November 3rd, 1913"

"MR. BANNISTER INSURES" (concluded)

contemplated the blued muzzle of an automatic.

"Now," said Mr. Bannister, "that I've got you here, Hobart, I mean to insure myself. I shall take out the policy with you. A policy against future worry, with the Hobart insurance company. Ha! Mind you . . . I am going to do this little job, but it'll be the first and the last. I have prepared pen and paper. Write what I dictate, Hobart, there's a sensible fellow."

Hobart moved sullenly to the desk.

"This," said Mr. Bannister. "John Hobart, late of Dartmoor penitentiary, hereby declares himself solely responsible for the Herne Brow robbery of November the 3rd, 1913."

Pen scratched harshly over paper.

"Got that? Right. The police would give a lot to know that, eh? Now . . . 'signed, John Hobart, Christmas Eve, 1920.'"

Bannister moved to the desk, inspected the slip of paper, blotted and folded it, and placed it in his pocket. "You quite understand what this means," he remarked, genially. "It means that if ever you approach me in the future, or blow the gaff to others—well, you'll just have to pay the insurance. A little matter of seven years, at a moderate estimate. Now for business. If you want the swag, you will be good, of course."

. . . . . .

Mr. Bannister knelt before the safe, removed his flowing beard, and, with a tense ear to the lock, manipulated with delicacy the combination. A matter of catching the sound of a moving tumbler which no more than whispered in its fall. Mr. Bannister had been, at the summit of his early career, an unexampled master at this kind of thing.

He started at 11.35. At 11.48 the two of them swung back the massive door, and peered within. The safe was empty.

Hobart began: "God strike me——"

"No need of that, please," put in Mr. Bannister. "If the answer isn't a lemon, it's one of two things. Either the cash was not here at all, or somebody got there first."

"I tell you," insisted Hobart, savagely, "the money was here last night. It's been shifted to-day . . . and that by some swine of——"

"The staff, possibly?" suggested Mr. Bannister.

"Staff hell!" snarled the other. "Double crossed, by——"

"I say!" Mr. Bannister actually twinkled again. "I'm rather glad of that, Hobart. I mean, this policy of mine still holds good. You've been left this time, my good friend . . . badly left! Hand away from pocket, please!"

. . . . . .

No more blackmailings! No more grisly reachings-out from the past! Mr. Bannister fondled his policy as Hobart left the room. The finest kind of policy in the world. He was not sure, after all, that he had not done a good night's work.

As to the caretaker—well, some sort of explanation would crop up, presently. A ten pound note with it. Yes, most certainly a ten pound note.

With a smile, he commenced to transfer to the safe an assortment of crackly bundles from his bag. Hobart was certainly the perfect dullard! C. HEDLEY BARKER

Enjoyable South Africa

Much is heard of the kaleidoscopic interest of travel in India; of the appeal of ancient Egypt, the quaint charm of Japan, and the amenities of European resorts. And now there is South Africa. It is a change, and in its way it also is more than ordinarily attractive.

South Africa as a travel resort is distinctive and unspoilt. It is as fair in parts as Southern Europe, and as compelling as the East. And to the visitor travelling for change, the bright salubrious climate will be a new experience in well-being.

That is demonstrated in an illustrated publication which is being distributed from the office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. In it, the attempt has been made to indicate the significance and interest of what the traveller sees in South Africa, and to convey something of the atmosphere and spirit of the country. A copy will be sent free if a card is enclosed with the application. Write for Travel Book No. "D.E."

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Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin.
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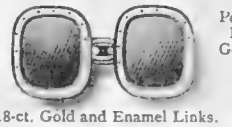

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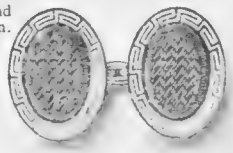

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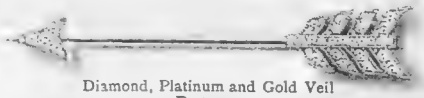

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What better than a beautifully permanent waved or curled head of hair—bringing out all the lovely natural tints and lustres, lights and shades? The patent Gaby process, the only perfectly safe, non-burning method, can be enjoyed this Xmas either at the Gaby Bond Street Salons, or at home by means of the new Home Outfit, complete with directions, so simple that a child can achieve artistic success.

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Average Head	£4	4 0
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"All children love Bird's Custard." This has become a national saying, just as during nearly ninety years, Bird's Custard became a national dish.

Mothers and fathers are able *from practical observation* to endorse the body-building value of Bird's Custard for growing children. They know that Bird's is the best of all dishes made with milk, because they have watched their children thrive upon it.

No dinner sweet is lighter or more easily digested than nutritious Bird's Custard. Everybody — all people of all ages — agrees about the goodness of Bird's Custard because *they know it agrees with them.*

Whether it be for everyday use, or for a festive occasion, Bird's Custard can always be made in a moment. It is the most delicious Hot Sauce for Christmas Pudding, and Mince Pies taste twice as good when served with

BIRD'S CUSTARD

"It goes like summer cream with stewed apples, prunes, or tinned or bottled fruit."

Points of View

BY J. HURST HAYES. *Illustrated by H. M. BROCK*

I. Jones Minor on Jones Major

O, I DARESAY the fellow's all right in his way, but what I mean is he needn't put such side on. After all, though he is my brother, I can see his weak points as well as his good ones. Popular? Naturally. A chap that's in the Rugger fifteen and got a couple of ripping tries for the school the other day against the Harlequins "A," and has bagged a scholarship at Cambridge for next year, is bound to be popular.

But, as I say, he needn't put all that side on. In the holidays he's ripping. Goes about with me and coaches me in the paddock at cricket, or, just before the winter term starts, at footer. And though he curses me a goodish bit, he doesn't overdo it. He makes me get up beastly early each morning, but as he does it himself I suppose I can't grouse about that.

He's spoken to me twice this week.

But as soon as we get back to this giddy school he's absolutely different. You'd think we'd never met before, and he takes no more notice of me than of the newest kid that's just left his weeping mummy at the station.

He's spoken to me twice this week. The first time he passed me in the quad and said it would be an improvement to my personal appearance if I washed my face once a day. The second time he told me that if I got any more impots from old Stavers he'd give me the most almighty thrashing I'd ever had in my life. Rotten sort of way to speak to a brother, it strikes me.

No, I'm a bit fed-up with the fellow. Mind you, he's got a few decent points about him, and I don't mind admitting it. But . . .

O, well run, sir, well run! Slick past their halves and centres. You've only got the full back to pass. Hand him off, can't you? That's the ticket! Splendid! A giddy try right between the goal-posts. If ever a man made a side look cheap, my bro. does. If he

(*Continued on page 66*)

A HANDSOME XMAS GIFT AND PIECE OF FURNITURE

GRAMOPHONE DE LUXE

SUPREME IN TONE. EXQUISITE IN DESIGN.

This Beautiful hornless gramophone gives the highest Standard of Musical Production. Fitted with Double spring silent, worm driven Motors, which are

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12 inch turntable, swan neck tone arm, and all the latest 1922 improvements. Record compartment to hold 100 records.

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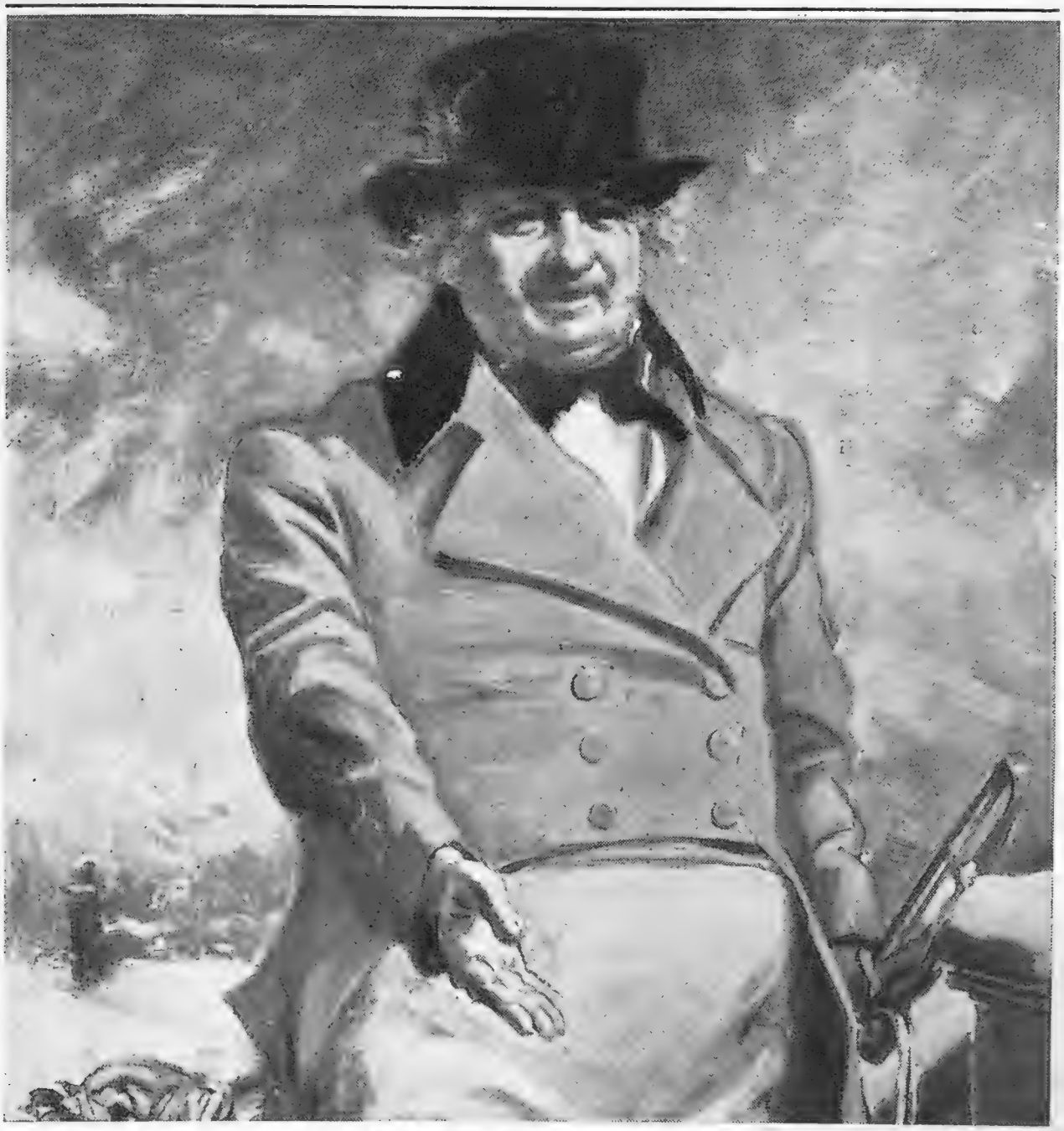

A Welcome Old Friend at Christmas-time

ENO's Fruit Salt is here symbolised by our artist as a hale and hearty old English gentleman, genial as the sun, ever welcome as a valued friend in those households where hospitality and good cheer predominate. Thus at Christmas-time, the festivities are enjoyed all the more, because appetite and digestion are in the care of a gentle but reliable custodian with over half a century's experience.

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In TWO Sizes. Ask your Chemist for the size that suits your needs

J. C. ENO LTD., "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

POINTS OF VIEW (concluded)

doesn't get his Rugger Blue at the 'Varsity next year it will be a blooming miracle. Take the kick yourself, Major!

II. Jones Major on Jones Minor

REALLY that young brother of mine is about the absolute limit! He may be only fourteen and a bit, but even at that age he might have the decency to keep clean and not always be rushing about the passages making a shrieking nuisance of himself.

He's eternally, too, in some row or other. Either he's broken bounds or given gas to a prefect, or been running up bills at the tuck shop he can't pay off. He's been swished twice this term by the head, and has deserved it a dozen times.

The quaint thing is that the masters seem to like him, confounded nuisance though he is. They chuckle when they talk to me about him, and don't seem to bear him any ill-will. Of course, the kid is a sportsman, and never grouses. I'll say that for him. But I get a bit tired of apologising to the Sixth and prefects for him.

Just like what I was at his age? Rot! I can't have been. I know I was a bit of a young rip, but he's just the absolute outside edge!

The young beggar got me down

He's all right in the holidays. I jolly well see he is! He missed his cold bath one morning, but he never did it again. But once he gets back to this place he goes to the dogs, and pals up with a lot of fourth form youngsters almost as bad as himself.

He's a rotten bad fag, too. Dixon says he's never there when he's wanted, and when he washes up things leaves them a jolly sight dirtier than they were before.

The only good thing about him is that he shapes fairly well at games. I took him for a bit at tackling practice the other afternoon. I tried to get past him from twenty yards away, and the young beggar got me down four times out of seven! And got past me twice out of five times when we changed over. Not so dusty for a kid.

Hallo, Minor! What is it now? Another five bob? What the dickens have you done with that money I gave you on Thursday? The way you eat is simply beastly! Got a couple of tries on Little Side this afternoon, did you? Not so bad, but I bet you ought to have been collared a dozen times. Here you are, then, though you don't deserve it. And for goodness sake go and get that tangled mass of hair brushed! J. HURST HAYES

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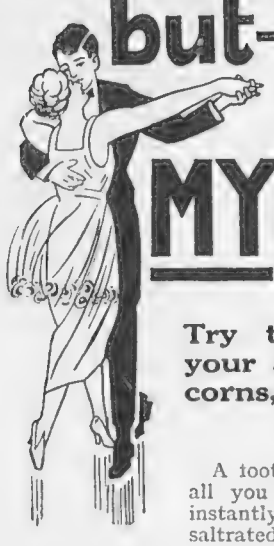
"I Love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"



Try this and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses or other foot troubles.

A foot bath in hot saltrated water is all you need to stop *any* foot pains instantly. Phyllis Monkman says the saltrated water is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet or any other foot troubles. As for corns—it does not affect sound, healthy skin in the slightest degree, but acts only on the dead, hardened skin composing corns and callouses, which it softens just as water softens soap. Then pick the corn right out, root and all, like the hull out of a strawberry. Merely cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of saltrated water) have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packets of convenient size and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

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The Acousticon is the unfailing friend of the deaf.

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Call for a FREE TEST without obligation.

A WOMAN'S AGE

IS ESTIMATED NOT BY HER BIRTHDAYS—BUT HER BEAUTY!

To preserve and bring back a real youthfulness of appearance—the tense firmness and smoothness of face and throat, the clearly-defined contour that designates a woman "young"—Madame Helena Rubinstein is able to introduce to her clients, as well as new and marvellously effective treatments at her Salons (to overcome every conceivable defect of complexion or contour), some unique preparations for home use. These are quite moderately priced, and will be found of inestimable beauty value.

TO CLEAR AND MAKE LOVELY THE COMPLEXION, apply a very little of the VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN-FOOD at night. It brings perfection to every type of skin, ensuring a velvety softness, perfect purity, and unfailingly removes discoloration freckles and other blemishes. Price from 5/.

TO PREVENT AND SMOOTH OUT WRINKLES, youthful as well as ageing faces should be treated with the wonderful twin beauty-bringers, VALAZE PERFECTION CREAM and the bracing, brightening VALAZE SKIN TONIC. Price 5/- each.

REGAIN AND PRESERVE PERFECT CONTOUR of face and throat by using VALAZE ROMAN JELLY. It tightens relaxing skin and eradicates fine creases and lines round the eyes and mouth. Price 4/6.

LOVELINESS IN THE BALLROOM is assured when the complexion is beautified and fortified with the VALAZE AIDS TO BEAUTY. To accentuate the colour and allure of the eyes, to give the lips beauty of colour and shape, to ensure the complexion remaining cool-looking, smooth and softly tinted throughout the dance, there are specialities to suit every type and every taste.

POWDER MARKS ON DARK CLOTHES look abominable and cause embarrassment. VALAZE WHITENER, used for the throat, arms or hands, imparts a glorious clear whiteness to the skin, and will not rub off, but can only be removed by washing or cleansing cream. Price 3/6. Specimen jar, 2/-.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT SKIN CLEANSING. Frequent washing spells ruin to the dry, sensitive skin, and no one, however normally complexioned, should wash just after outdoor exposure. NOVENA CERATE, cleansing and massage cream, leaves the skin delightfully clean, smooth, soft and soothed. Price 2/6.

DISCOLOURED THROATS, HANDS AND ARMS gain a soft white loveliness when VALAZE BLEACHING CREAM is used. To the face it restores the sweet flesh tints and a supple smoothness. Price 4/6.

WHEN FACING WIND AND WEATHER let VALAZE BALM ROSE both protect and beautify your skin. It is a certain preventive of discolouration, freckles and roughness, and as a foundation for powder it is unequalled. Price 3/6.

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Write for interesting home treatment Booklet, "Secrets of Beauty" and particulars of the wonderful treatments given at the Valaze Salons.

To help those who have little time—or patience—to waste on merely speculative treatment, Madame Rubinstein has instituted special lesson treatments at the Valaze Salons. In restful, soothing surroundings one's skin may be cleared and beautified, lines smoothed gently out, while at the same time carefully trained assistants give instruction for subsequent simple home treatment. These Lesson Treatments cost half-a-guinea, and are really invaluable to busy clients.

Helena Rubinstein

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3/6 per lb.

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FRY'S

Summer Time Santa

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

We've had such a bad winter this summer, that I've become bitter in all my Christmas work this year

LOVE

Romance in the Park

THE PROPOSAL

A KISS

Photographs by H. A. J. Lamb

Ensure satisfaction for 1923

GET A

ROVER

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1923 PROGRAMME

	Old Price	New Price
12 h.p. CHASSIS	£495	£415
12 h.p. 2-SEATER	£625	£525
12 h.p. 4-SEATER	£650	£550
12 h.p. COUPE Fixed Top	£750	£650
12 h.p. COUPE, Drop Head	£800	£675
12 h.p. SALOON	£900	£775
8 h.p. 2-SEATER	£220	£180
8 h.p. 4-SEATER		£190
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Self Starter on 8 h.p. Models, £15 extra.

NOTE.—With both the 8 h.p. and 12 h.p. Touring Cars, All-Weather Side Curtains opening with doors are fitted as standard. Many detail improvements are included in both cars, the most interesting of which is probably the fact that the lubrication on the 12 h.p. engine has been altered to pressure feed.

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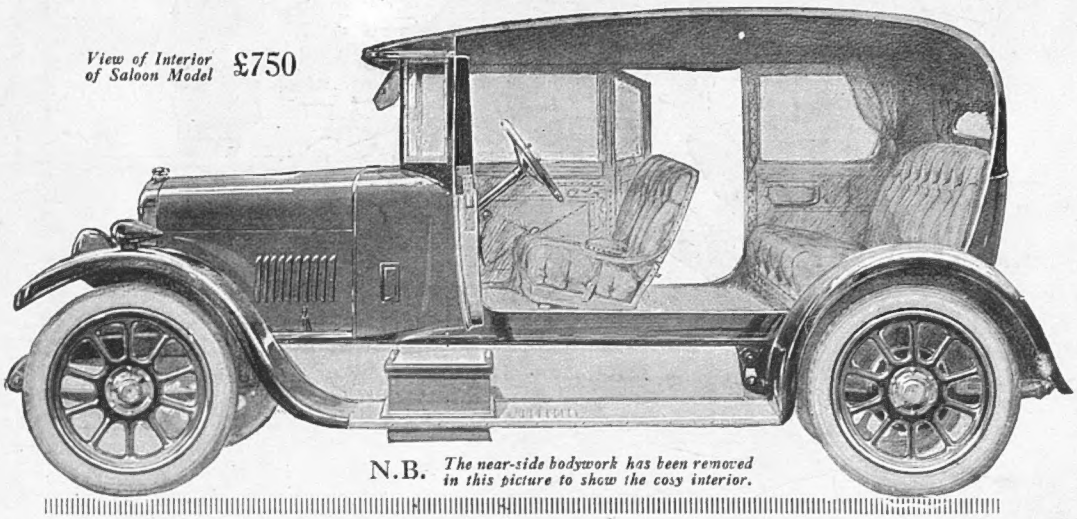
View of Interior of Saloon Model £750



N.B. *The near-side bodywork has been removed in this picture to show the cosy interior.*

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OUT of the many innovations on an Arrol-Johnston car which contribute to its quite abnormal comfort, one can point to the several useful shelves below the dashboard, the roomy doorpockets, the double windscreen, the horse-shoe arrangement of the dashboard, the luxurious springing and the splendidly upholstered seats.

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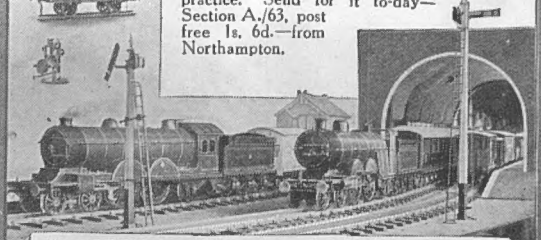

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Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

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(The True Tonic Food)

offers you New Health and Energy for the coming New Year

NOW is the time to make good resolutions for 1923!

Determine to take Sanatogen regularly from to-day onwards. By the first of January—perhaps earlier—you will have begun to experience the general revivifying effects of that high nervous tone which Sanatogen unfailingly produces.

You will start the New Year well—feeling fit and fresh to keep other good resolutions—and encouraged to persevere with Sanatogen until it has accomplished that lasting renewal of health and energy which it offers you.

What SANATOGEN will do for you in Nineteen - Twenty - Three

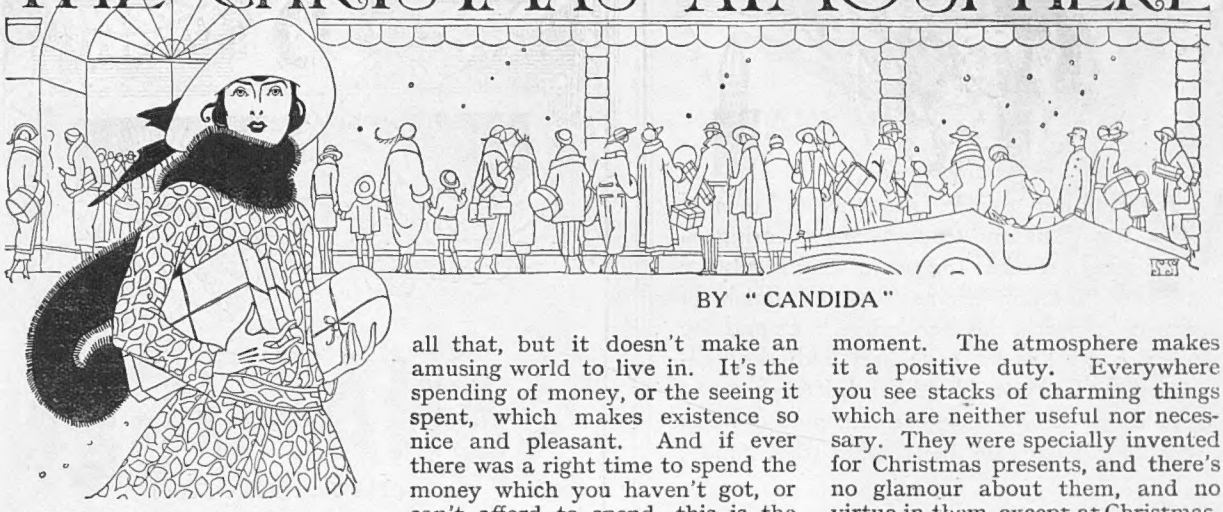
Sanatogen is no magic nostrum—neither does it promise the miracles of rejuvenation sometimes claimed for morning aperients, etc.

What it does promise and perform is a steady, gradual cumulative betterment of health and nerve power—as evidenced by many years' clinical results which have been recorded by over 24,000 doctors, including men of the highest standing and authority. It tones and invigorates the nerves controlling the stomach, bowels and digestive organs—so that appetite and nutrition improve, ordinary food is better assimilated, the excretory functions are more regular, and weight increases without accumulation of fat. Also, it ensures a progressive increase of vitality in the nerve cells, which energises both brain and body without harmful stimulation or reaction, improves muscular tone, and permanently benefits the whole organism by natural physiological means.

Buy a tin *now* while the i… …resh in your mind! At 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, S… …ts you slightly less than fivepence p… product, bearing … not one of the … "replacing" Sana…

GENATOS…

THE CHRISTMAS ATMOSPHERE



BY "CANDIDA"

WE'RE back again in the Christmas atmosphere in spite of everything. Every year I wonder how much longer we shall be able to keep up this peace-upon-earth business. Not, it seems to me, while we have a Central Europe and a Near East, to say nothing of an Ireland on the map. What with them, and some other things which I might mention, but won't, peace is kept up thanks to a clever hiding of one's head, ostrich-fashion, and expatiating on the quality of the sand. And it's a very fine brand of sand which we keep this Christmas, and here's to everybody who's helped to provide it. Not that I care so much about the real festival; it's the atmosphere that makes it worth enjoying.

I DON'T quite know what I mean by atmosphere, and I don't think that anybody does. Life will be immensely simplified when we shall discover (which is sure to happen soon) how to deal in atmospheres without the cumbersome and expensive paraphernalia supposed to be essential to the business. There'll be no need to travel, think of it! You'll just uncork your bottle of double-distilled atmosphere, and heigh-presto! . . . It sounds like the Arabian Nights, doesn't it? But it's my opinion that nothing truer than a fairy tale was ever written. All the marvels come true in time, though not exactly in the way you'd expect it of them.

AS for the Christmas atmosphere it's well to the fore from November onwards. The shops are as brimful of temptations as ever, and our purses more or less empty, as usual. Was it Oscar Wilde who said, "I can resist anything except temptation"? He didn't know this crowd, for it's resisting wonderfully. Perhaps next year, when the devil of economy drives, which is very right and proper, and all that, but it doesn't make an amusing world to live in. It's the spending of money, or the seeing it spent, which makes existence so nice and pleasant. And if ever there was a right time to spend the money which you haven't got, or can't afford to spend, this is the moment. The atmosphere makes it a positive duty. Everywhere you see stacks of charming things which are neither useful nor necessary. They were specially invented for Christmas presents, and there's no glamour about them, and no virtue in them, except at Christmas.

(*Continued on page* x)

BY ELSA COURLANDER

THE BEST LEAGUE OF NATIONS